

THE LISTENER, OCTOBER 28, 1954. Vol. LII. No. 1339.

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The Listener

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Autumn scene in London

G. MacDonnie

In this number:

Russia after Seven Years (Thomas Barman)

A Poet and His Public (Robert Graves)

A Great Theatrical Management (Hesketh Pearson)

128



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The Listener

Vol. LII. No. 1339

Thursday October 28 1954

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The Framework of European Co-operation

By RICHARD SCOTT

I HAVE just returned from Paris where I have been following the various meetings of Foreign Ministers about the extension of the Brussels Pact and Germany's entry into Nato*. And I have been struck again by how much more difficult such diplomatic discussions are for some, in fact most, of the continental Ministers than for our own Foreign Secretary. What I mean is that whereas in England we almost never have a coalition government in time of peace, coalition governments are the rule on the Continent. This is largely because we have a virtually two-party system, and multi-party systems are usual on the Continent. It seems to me that the recent international conferences I have been attending give rather remarkable examples of the difficulties which face the Foreign Ministers of governments which are not supported by pretty certain majorities in their national parliaments.

Take, for instance, last week's Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the Suez Canal base. This agreement had been negotiated over a long time and most, if not all, of its contents were well enough known long before it was signed. But in spite of the strong opposition of a small faction within the Conservative Party to the very basis on which the Agreement rested—the withdrawal of all British troops from the Canal zone—the British Government was able to go ahead and negotiate the best settlement it could get without having to worry too much about any risk that the settlement would not receive the blessing of parliament. It is true that in this particular instance of the Suez Canal base, there was wide support for the Agreement within the Labour Party, the official Opposition. But I think it is a fact that under the British political system the Foreign Minister can usually negotiate with the object of getting whatever agreement he and his Government believe to be in the best interests of the country. That is to say an agreement

which in itself is the best that can be got; not just an agreement which stands the best chance of getting parliamentary approval.

It seems to me that M. Mendès-France, on the other hand, has been forced to think all the time of what is most likely to be approved by the French Assembly. There is such a variety of views and parties in the French Assembly that it is obviously no good for a French Minister to settle an international problem—or a national problem, for that matter—simply in a way which he believes to be in the best interests of his country. It might be rejected by the French parliament. I think it is this problem that has been responsible for the way in which M. Mendès-France handled the negotiations over E.D.C. in Brussels; also for the way he has handled the negotiations on the alternative to E.D.C., both in London and now in Paris.

During the Brussels Conference one well-informed and intelligent French colleague told me that M. Mendès-France really hardly understood some of the amendments to the E.D.C. treaty which he was asking the five other Foreign Ministers to accept. Other amendments he understood but did not himself feel at all strongly about. He had put forward most of these amendments simply because he knew that each one would be likely to bring in two, three, perhaps seven, votes in the French Assembly in support of E.D.C.—and that without this extra support the treaty would be rejected. Perhaps my French colleague exaggerated a little, but, I think, not very much.

To return to the meetings last week in Paris. You may well have wondered why the reports from Paris seemed to be more concerned with the problem of the future of the Saar, which was not really on the agenda of the Paris meetings, than with the questions which these meetings had been summoned to settle—the questions relating to German's entry into Nato and the restoration of Germany's sovereignty.

The short answer is that the French Assembly would not have been prepared to swallow the bitter pill of German rearmament, even within Nato, unless it was coated with the sugar of a satisfactory agreement on the Saar.

But why the Saar, you may still ask. Here there seem to me to be two answers. The first is a little cynical, but I am afraid none the less real. The Saar has been a bone of contention between Germany and France for a long time; its economic resources have been coveted by both. And you will remember that after this last war the Saar was politically detached from Germany and economically attached to France. It was a temporary arrangement. But the French have realised well enough that sooner or later they would have to come to a more lasting agreement with the Germans. And they felt that they would get the best deal if they made the Saar settlement part of a wider agreement, including the ending of the occupation regime and the restoration of German sovereignty—things which obviously Germany wants very much. The second, and I am sure no less valid, reason, is that the French feel that if they are going to enter a fairly close partnership with Germany through the new Western European Union—that is the name to be given to the extended Brussels treaty organisation—they had better start with a clean slate in their relations with Germany. So M. Mendès-France knew that if he was going to have a reasonable chance of getting the French Assembly to endorse German rearmament and German membership of Nato he would have to get an agreement on the Saar at the same time.

But Dr. Adenauer also had his parliament to think about. And the Saar was one of the subjects on which it was most touchy. So the Chancellor summoned not only the leaders of the coalition parties in his own Government but also the leader of the Opposition, Herr Ollenhauer, to come to Paris to consult with him on the terms of a Saar settlement. Both France and Germany badly wanted an agreement but neither could sacrifice too much. If they did, they would simply

have been repudiated by their parliaments. Their negotiations became something of a battle of nerves—and both have strong nerves. By Friday evening agreement had been reached on all the other problems: the extension of the Brussels Pact, Germany's entry into Nato and the ending of the occupation regime, the arrangements for the control of arms production and the limitation of forces, and many other minor issues besides. It was an enormously important and comprehensive settlement. But still no agreement had been reached on the Saar. And unless it could be reached this whole elaborate framework of interrelated agreements would collapse. It was an appalling prospect. So, on Friday evening, everything depended on whether M. Mendès-France and Dr. Adenauer could come to some arrangement on the Saar. They were both guests of Sir Anthony Eden at dinner at the British Embassy that night, and at about ten o'clock they withdrew, with two advisers each, into the Embassy library to continue their negotiations. They sat on until nearly three o'clock in the morning. They still had not reached final agreement but they had made a good deal of progress and they left their experts to work on through the night. Early next afternoon, only an hour or so before the various agreements were due to be signed, the two statesmen met again and this time succeeded in concluding a final agreement.

It is hard to exaggerate the importance of this so-called package agreement. It contains the framework on which European co-operation will develop during the years that lie ahead. It contains the basis of an enduring Franco-German reconciliation, which should ease any remaining friction over the Saar. Also it brings Britain on to the continent of Europe. And, apart from these solid positive virtues, it means that Europe is spared from the ghastly mess she would have found herself in if no agreement had been possible. But there is still one vital step to be taken. All these agreements—and they hang together as a single whole—have to be ratified by national parliaments. There could still be a slip-up. But I do not think there will be.

—Home Service

The Dangers of Radio-active Dust

By YASUSHI NISHIWAKI

EARLIER this year there was world-wide concern over the case of twenty-three fishermen who were accidentally affected by atomic radiation following the experimental explosion of a hydrogen bomb in the Pacific. Recently one of the fishermen, Mr. Kuboyama, the first known victim of the hydrogen bomb, died. Just how does this radio-active dust affect a man like Mr. Kuboyama?

At the time of the explosion of an atomic or hydrogen bomb, strong radiation will come from the bomb itself. However, this is not what caused Mr. Kuboyama's death. Apart from the direct radiation, there is the radio-active dust from the bomb and the earth which go up into the air at the time of explosion, and this can be scattered very many miles. Dust giving out radiation is what caused the sickness of the twenty-three fishermen. They not only received strong radiation from outside their bodies but, with breathing and eating, the radio-active dust actually entered their bodies. This radiation given off from the dust we cannot hear, see, smell, taste or feel—and yet it injures the principal organs of the body. The most sensitive parts are the blood-forming and reproductive organs.

I vividly remember arriving at my laboratory after urgent calls from the public health authorities of Osaka City to go to the central market to examine fish brought back by the same boat on which the fishermen were injured. In examining the fish, I was greatly surprised by the high amount of radio-activity in their skin. So I decided to go to the port of Yaizu to examine the fishermen themselves and the radiation from the boat. From the measurements on the boat, it was apparent that some of the fishermen might have received sufficient radiation to cause their death. I had the opportunity of examining some of them. In my laboratory I found clear signs of radio-activity in their urine, blood, and so on. One of the striking points of radiation sickness is that it sometimes appears months or even years afterwards. Some of the fishermen who did not appear to be so sick in March had to be sent to hospital because their condition became worse in later weeks. All of these men are still in hospital and are receiving doctor's treatment and care in Tokyo.

I brought back some samples of dust from the boat to my laboratory.

I found that the very fine, greyish-white powder, which reminded me of chalk powder, was giving off strong radiation even though at this time more than two weeks had passed since the explosion. From more detailed testings I found many different radio-active substances in the dust. Some of those substances, if they enter a human body, are likely to affect such important organs as the bone, liver, kidney, and thyroid.

While I was testing fish and boats, I also made tests to measure the radio-active increase in the rain. Dust which fell with the rain was checked and found to be radio-active. It contained some of the same substances which I found in earlier tests of fish and boats. So we could see that it was definitely due to the hydrogen-bomb test at Bikini. In the middle of May, unusually high radio-active rainfall was observed all over Japan, and plants, vegetables, and milk became radio-active to a greater or lesser extent. The lungs and liver of cows also showed an increased amount of radio-activity. In the middle of September, unusually high radio-active rain fell all over Japan. Although you may have read that this was due to nuclear tests in Siberia, in my opinion there was not enough definite evidence to prove it, if direct information I have received from Japan within the past few days is correct.

You may well wonder if there is any possible protection against these serious dangers. Scientists hope to be able to develop a drug which will give at least some protection to everyone who has taken it before being exposed to radiation. But if an injury has been sustained, what then? There are two types of radiation injuries: those which appear in our lifetime and those in the future generations. For the first type of injury, there are many possible treatments, such as blood transfusions, but these cures do not overcome the hereditary injuries which may be transmitted to children or grandchildren. Nine years after the smaller type of atomic bomb used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, illness, death, and abnormal children due to radiation injury are reported by our medical authorities. Although the great and terrible effects of atomic and hydrogen bombs are widely discussed in many countries of the world, we Japanese are the only people who have actually suffered twice in this way. Therefore, we feel it our right, our duty, and our responsibility to appeal strongly to the world, so that other peoples will not suffer in future.

—Home Service

Russia after Seven Years

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

WHEN you revisit the Soviet Union after an interval of some years, it is only natural to make comparisons. I lived in Moscow for two years during the war, from 1943 until the late summer of 1945. I was there again for six or seven weeks in 1947, in connection with the four-power conference held there while Mr. Bevin was Foreign Secretary. So, when I arrived in Moscow a week or two ago with the Parliamentary Delegation, I spent the first twenty-four hours looking for changes.

I noticed at once that there has been a great spurt in public building. The new skyscrapers rather than the old Kremlin now attract your attention. Then, there are the newly widened streets to make room for the enormous increase that has taken place in road traffic. And it seemed to me that people looked more prosperous, more self-confident, and less worried. Although I again saw people queuing up outside almost every kind of shop—people were standing outside departmental stores about an hour ahead of opening time—the shops seemed well stocked, and there were no obvious signs of scarcity.

In the early spring of 1947 there was a serious food shortage in the Soviet Union, and the grey, pinched faces in Moscow suggested that ordinary people were not getting enough to eat. The only place where you obtained good-quality bread in



Scene in a blouse department of a Moscow store

the spring of 1947 was at the Moskva Hotel, where the western delegations to the conference were housed, and with them the reporters and correspondents who had accompanied them from Paris, Washington, and London. The queues outside the bakers' shops in that year were not very good-tempered; and the quality of our western clothes—our overcoats, our shirts and, above all, our shoes—was something so unusual in the Soviet Union at the time that we attracted attention wherever we went.

I repeat—I saw no obvious signs of scarcity during my recent visit. The authorities seem to have made a great effort to step up the production of consumer goods. And, as far as one could judge, the quality of the goods offered for sale was higher than in 1947, although I should add that it still falls a good deal short of the standard to which we are accustomed. Many of the textiles are shoddy, and so are the boots and shoes.

And prices seem very high in relation to earnings. The leaders of the Communist Party are conscious of these shortcomings, and are doing their utmost to overcome them. Their aim is to get far more goods into the shops, of higher quality and at lower prices.

In Stalin's day, this policy would have found expression in a series of curt instructions. The atmosphere in 1954 is rather different. Mr. Malenkov seems to put greater reliance on incentives than on threats; and throughout industry and agriculture the emphasis, so it seems, is on rewards for high output rather than on penalties for failing to do one's duty—although the penalties still exist. The system of piece rates is applied to every possible job. Even the labourers on collective farms are paid entirely at piece rates. Only a small part of their wage is in cash; and anything up to one-third of their annual earnings is derived from the sale of the things they produce on their private plots which they have to work in their spare time. It is to the countryman, in particular, that Mr. Malenkov's Government has offered the greatest incentives. The taxation on private plots of land is now only about a third of what it was, and farm labourers are given every encouragement to sell their produce on the open market, where prices are far higher than those offered by the Government. At a collective farm near Kiev, for instance, we found that the authorities organised village fairs at regular intervals, for the sale of farm produce. And from time to time they offered free transport to the nearest town to any farm labourer who had produce of his own for sale.

The attempt to improve the prospects of the farm population has its limits, since a great part of the Government's revenue rests on farm output. The Government makes an enormous profit out of buying a fixed share of all farm output at controlled prices, and selling it at far higher prices in the state shops. It is this policy that keeps farm incomes in check, and that produces comparatively low living standards even on the rich farmlands of the Ukraine. We looked into some clean, white-washed cottages near Kiev, and found that the floors were made of earth. We were told that average earnings on the farm, including earnings from the allotment, were around 11,000 roubles a year. At the present official rate of exchange this is about £20 a week. It sounds a very high



A collective farm market in the U.S.S.R.

wage indeed, until you look at the prices in the shops. At the same rate of exchange, the price of a pound of butter is 22s. 6d. The price of the cheapest shoe I saw in Moscow was about £5, and £20 for a pair was not unusual. So, in terms of the things you can buy, the value of £20 is something under £5. And the average weekly wage of the women working in the sewing room at a textile works in Kiev was around £4, on the same basis of calculation. The conveyor belt they were working to was running at such a speed that they could not stop to talk to us, and we got our figures from the director of the works.

I pointed out that Mr. Malenkov's Government was relying on incentives as a spur to increased output, especially of food, to a greater extent than Stalin ever did. In this respect, then, there has been a considerable change in the home policy of the Soviet Government. There has been another change, one that is perhaps even more important, and whose future consequences may well be far reaching. The day of the glorified leader is over, at least for the time being. The Government is in the hands of a committee. It is not a one-man show as it was in Stalin's day. In every government office, in every collective farm, on every factory wall, there are pictures of the party leaders: of Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Krushchev, Mr. Molotov, and others. There are pictures, too, of Lenin and Stalin. They are all of the same size, and no one photograph is given any sort of priority or preferential position. They seem to illustrate that all the top leaders are of equal importance in the new post-Stalinist world, and that no one is to be allowed to assume the powers that Stalin had or the publicity that he enjoyed.

It might have been expected that decentralisation of power at the top would have led to some decentralisation of power at subordinate levels of authority. There is no sign of that. The ordinary Soviet official is as unwilling as ever to commit himself. He does not say yes or no to any proposal that is put to him. If he is in a friendly mood he will offer to consider it, and that, as often as not, is the last you hear of your suggestion, unless you are lucky enough to have access to someone very near the top. It is, in fact, extremely difficult to establish any sort of contact with any Soviet official unless he himself takes the initiative. There is no telephone directory in Moscow. There is no list of government departments. There is no post office directory. There is no street plan. If you finally succeed in tracking down a name and a telephone number—often after days of hard work—you are told that the man you want is out or away on leave. And then you start all over again. All this was part of the protective screen put out by government officials in Stalin's day—in the days when no one except Stalin had the right to say yes or no. Yet the screen is as impenetrable as ever. It is a formidable obstacle to the new spirit of enterprise and initiative on which Mr. Malenkov has evidently set his heart.

In this particular respect, then, there has been no change under the

Government of Mr. Malenkov. Nor has there been any change in the policy of preventing information about conditions in the western world from flowing into Russia. The result is that the Russian people still know nothing of the social changes that have taken place in the United Kingdom over the past ten years. They suspect that life in England is still much the same as it was in the days of *Oliver Twist*. The members of the Parliamentary Delegation seized every opportunity to tell Soviet trade-union leaders and factory directors about our health service, our schools, and our recreations. They described the powers of our trade unions, and their constant efforts to improve wages and working conditions. They were heard with polite attention, and occasionally with smiles of unbelief. And since the Russians do not know what has been going on in the western world, they naturally hold the view that all they have achieved is absolutely unique. In the western world, we take a power station or a new steel works in our stride. It is what we expect. In Russia, all these things that are so ordinary with us are represented as unique triumphs for their system of government. When our hosts showed us a hospital or a rest home, they asked us if these things were available to the working class in England. When they drew our attention to a new piece of machinery, they implied that it was unique.

I remember an official toying with the switches that control the gates to one of the thirteen locks that now unite the River Volga with the Don. He looked at us proudly as the gates opened. He seemed certain that not one of us had ever seen anything like it. I remember also the senior official who looked admiringly at a new coach on the Leningrad express. He turned to me and asked: 'Have you got anything like this in England?' And I remember the speed boats on the Black Sea. We moved out of Sochi Harbour in a flotilla of speed-boats on a warm Sunday evening. What might have been a short, pleasant trip turned out to be a long flirtation with pneumonia, as we cruised out to sea long after sundown. They wanted to show us how good their speed-boats were.

The Russian view about the foreign policies of the western governments is equally one-sided. Every speaker that we heard told us of the Soviet people's struggle for peace, and of their passionate longing for peace; and implied that if only the western world would join that struggle, in the same whole-hearted way, all would be well. They still spoke with angry disgust of all that the Germans had done in Leningrad, in Kiev, in Rostov, in Stalingrad, and in all the other cities that suffered so terribly during the war. Their visitors told them that it was the foreign policy of their government that had forced the western world to realign its forces. They reminded them that if the term 'peaceful co-existence' was to have any meaning, it would have to include a willingness to see the other man's point of view. Once that remark had been made, the argument usually drifted away to other topics.

—General Overseas Service and Light Programme

Race Relations—III

The Melting-Pot in the Pacific

By WALTER KOLARZ

FOURTEEN THOUSAND kilometres away from London and three thousand kilometres away from the west coast of the United States, in the middle of the Pacific there are the Hawaiian Islands. They are so far west that one would go east if one went a little farther. The remarkable thing about these islands is that they are, as it were, 'unfinished'. They are unfinished geologically since they are still the scene of frequent volcanic eruptions. They are also unfinished politically. At present the islands have only the status of a United States Territory, but the vast majority of its inhabitants want it to become the forty-ninth state of the U.S.A. Finally, they are unfinished in the ethnographic and sociological sense—and it is with this aspect that I want to deal.

I have just spent a month in Hawaii and have been greatly interested in a dual process which is now going on there—the dying of an old nation and the birth of a new one. The nation that is dying are the Hawaiians, the Polynesian aboriginal inhabitants of the Territory, and the nation that is emerging is the neo-Hawaiian nation formed out of the remnants of the Hawaiian people and various immigrant groups. These immigrant groups belong to many different races and cultures.

Let us throw a quick glance at the present racial composition of Hawaii, so as to get a better idea of the raw material of which the neo-Hawaiian nation is built. Over three-fifths of Hawaii's 500,000 inhabitants hail from east and south-east Asia. The largest single Asian group are the Japanese. In fact, they are the largest nationality in the islands in general, forming thirty-seven per cent. of the entire population. Like most of the other immigrants, they came to Hawaii as agricultural labourers working in the fifty sugar and pineapple plantations. But in the past sixty or seventy years they have gradually penetrated into most professions and occupations. The children of poor labourers have become prosperous business men, doctors, civil servants, and university lecturers.

Next in importance among the Asians rank the Filipinos, forming twelve per cent. of the population. They came more recently than the Japanese, some of them only after the second world war. Economically and socially, they are still the most backward section in Hawaii. There is a marked difference between them and the oriental group next in size, the Chinese, who as owners of larger business enterprises wield considerable economic power. The first Chinese settled down in Hawaii

about a century ago and at one time they were the largest foreign group. With the arrival of other waves of immigrants their relative importance has steadily declined. Today they constitute only between six and seven per cent. of the total population.

Less than a quarter of the citizens of Hawaii are white immigrants of European stock. They are a mixed lot. At least one-third of them are Portuguese, and to make things more complicated they are divided into Portuguese from the Azores and those from Portugal proper. There are also Spaniards, Germans, and a few Russians, and there is, of course, a very sizeable body of real Yankees. But the picture of ethnographic diversity is not yet complete, for I have still omitted to mention some of the minor groups, such as the 9,000 Puerto Ricans, the 7,000

Koreans, the 2,600 Negroes, and the several hundred Polynesians from the island of Samoa. Some of the complications in the ethnographic picture of Hawaii are too subtle to be expressed in the official statistical data that is available. For instance, the census figures simply refer to Japanese as an entity, but among the Japanese are a large number from the Okinawan Islands who at certain times have shown a very outspoken group-consciousness. Nor do the Hawaiian Filipinos form a homogeneous whole. They belong to three different groups whose languages are mutually unintelligible.

Against the background of world events of the past fifteen or twenty years it seems almost unbelievable that the various hereditary enemies of east Asia, such as Koreans and Japanese or Chinese and Japanese, not to speak of Americans and Japanese during the second world war, should live so peacefully together. And yet they do. Those racial and national animosities which are such powerful political motives both in east Asia and on the American mainland count for little in the Hawaiian islands. Naturally, such events as Pearl Harbour or the Japanese occupation of the Philippines have not been without influence on race relations in Hawaii—but it is amazing how little damage they have caused. The Hawaiian Americans trusted the Hawaiian Japanese, on the whole, even in time of war. Out of the 160,000 Japanese who then lived in the islands not more than 981 (mostly Shinto and Buddhist priests and other community leaders of the older generation) were deported. Today it is recognised that even this was a superfluous, precautionary measure. The same applies to the closing of Japanese language schools and to the appearance of somewhat ridiculous posters which urged the oriental population to 'speak American'.

It is astonishing how quickly even strong prejudices die, once a person arrives in Hawaii. I know a Chinese lady who came to Honolulu from Shanghai in the late nineteen-thirties full of bitterness against the Japanese



High school students of mixed races in Honolulu, Hawaii

their lives on European battlefields. It is mostly the older generation which still keeps up special associations confined to a given national group and which patronises newspapers that are published in Japanese, Chinese, or Filipino. The young generation, as a rule, leaves behind the narrow group atmosphere. Inter-racial social clubs and organisations are, therefore, becoming more important and some which were originally connected with one race only have been internationalised in recent years. The schools are a particularly good training ground for a new inter-racial Hawaiian patriotism and so is the local university where the vast majority of the students are of oriental ancestry.

As far as the political scene is concerned, both the Republican and the Democratic Party operate in the islands. Both recruit their membership from all sections of the community, but the Democrats have per-

haps a slightly larger following among the non-white groups. The two Houses of the Hawaiian parliament are truly inter-racial bodies. The President of the House of Representatives is Chinese and the President of the Senate a Japanese.

The most important single factor that makes for an atmosphere of racial harmony in Hawaii is the high percentage of mixed marriages in the Territory. Nearly every third marriage concluded in the islands is one between people of different races. These mixed marriages produce an almost infinite selection of new racial types and will no doubt ultimately lead to the disappearance from Hawaii of what is called 'racial purity'. And yet racial intermixture would not, in itself, have been sufficient to produce a nation. It is therefore most fortunate that this new mixed race of Hawaii is acquiring a common cultural background. And here we come to a point which is crucial for a proper understanding of the Hawaiian race situation, namely to the great service done by the 'dying' Hawaiian aboriginal people to all the other races that are inhabiting the islands. The Hawaiian people has



Statue of King Kamehameha I, 'Napoleon of the Pacific', in the centre of Honolulu

become the leaven of the new Hawaiian society. Today the number of people of pure Hawaiian stock is not more than about 12,000, but the number of those who have Hawaiian blood in their veins is steadily growing. There are thousands of Chinese-Hawaiians, Japanese-Hawaiians, Filipino-Hawaiians, and Caucasian-Hawaiians as the children of marriages between people of European stock and Hawaiians are called. Every sixth inhabitant of Hawaii is at present a so-called part-Hawaiian.

By losing their own separate existence, the Hawaiians have allowed other races to inherit some of their most valuable national characteristics, particularly their kindness and generosity. They have also handed over to them the most colourful aspects of their folklore. Their national festivals, the famous hula dance, and the Hawaiian cult of the flower have been taken over by practically every ethnic group. The same applies to Hawaiian history. The memory of the Hawaiian monarchy which existed until 1893 is kept in high honour by everyone. Its coat-of-arms and its flag—a quaint combination of the British Union Jack, the American Stars and Stripes, and the French *Tricolore*—are still in official use. Cosmopolitan Honolulu is especially aware of the value of the unifying Hawaiian tradition. A monument to the greatest Hawaiian king, Kamehameha I, the 'Napoleon of the Pacific', graces the centre of the city and many of its largest streets are called after Hawaiian royalties.

Another link between the various races of Hawaii is the Hawaiian language. Although still taught in some schools and at the university, the language is dying out as an effective medium of communication, in the same way that the Hawaiian people are disappearing as a separate ethnographic entity. However, a fair number of Hawaiian words have penetrated into the English language as spoken in the Territory. A Japanese or Korean would use them in conversation as naturally as a 'Yankee' or a Portuguese. For instance, all people born in the islands, whether white, yellow, or brown, would refer to a stranger by the Hawaiian word *malihini*—this alone is characteristic of the feeling of solidarity and nationhood developing between the various groups.

One might be tempted to say that the racial situation in Hawaii is almost too good to be true. This was exactly the reaction of quite a number of participants at the recent Race Relations Conference in Honolulu. Some of them, and I must confess myself included, therefore did their best to find out the weak points in Hawaii's race relations. These weak points do certainly exist. For instance, it is only too apparent that the economic power in the islands is concentrated in the hands of the 'Yankees' who hold practically all managerial jobs in the big sugar and pineapple companies. This is resented by the orientals, though not as much as it might be elsewhere since even the ordinary plantation labourer enjoys a fairly high standard of living. The fact that every third inhabitant of the islands is the owner of a motor-car

speaks for itself. Even in the United States only one person in four owns his own car.

Another grievance is the housing segregation which still exists. There are a few very small areas in Honolulu which not by law but by custom have, up to now, been reserved to white people. These little white 'ghettoes', an anachronism in the present situation, are gradually disappearing—mostly because there is an ever-increasing number of non-whites who can afford to purchase or rent expensive accommodation.

Religion has been in Hawaii, as in other parts of the world, both a dividing and a uniting factor. On the one hand you can see on Sundays big, inter-racial congregations both in Protestant and in Roman Catholic churches; on the other you find dozens of churches that cater for only one racial group. One denomination, for instance, would maintain two churches within the same township or even village, one Filipino and one Japanese, or one Chinese and one Japanese. However, Hawaii not only has Christian churches of every description; there are also many Buddhist and Taoist temples and Shinto shrines. Although many of the young second- and third-generation Japanese are Christians, Buddhism is by no means dead in the islands. There are even signs of a certain Buddhist revival among the youth. A Young Buddhist Association, which is a faithful copy of the Young Men's Christian Association, organises a wide range of activities, from baseball matches to Sunday school. But Buddhism, too, has changed in the Hawaiian atmosphere. It is more and more adopting the English language. Certain hymns used in Buddhist services have a striking similarity to Christian hymns as sung in the churches nearby, and some Buddhist temples have even introduced pews, candles, and pulpits. A Buddhist from Japan would probably be appalled at such a sight.

There are many religious oddities in the islands. There is a small Church of the Latter Rain which proclaims the Chinese as the chosen people of the Bible. There is a tiny Japanese sect, the Association for Absolute Victory (*Hisskokai*) whose few supporters believe that Japan has won the war. Another sect called House of Growth (*Seicho-no-ie*) contains in its theological make-up a strange mixture of Buddhist, Shintoist, and Christian elements. Also the Mormons, notorious because of their former advocacy of polygamy, have gained a foothold in Hawaii. They are rather popular among the Hawaiian people to whom their doctrine gives a special status as one of the 'lost tribes of Israel'.

But although there is much religious separation in Hawaii, there is as little religious strife there as there is national and racial antagonism. This peaceful blending of races and cultures in the islands is bound to impress even the most critical and sceptical visitor. The inscription over the entrance to the university campus, 'Over all nations is mankind', really does express a living reality. This is a tremendous achievement, even if it is aided by a number of particularly favourable economic, political, and geographical circumstances.—*European Service*

Talking with Germans—III

Germany's Sense of Uneasiness

By GORONWY REES

IN an earlier talk, I said that the Germans had undergone a kind of change, which gave one the slightly queer feeling that they were no longer the people one had once known, and that many of one's previous assumptions about them no longer applied. I say that this is a slightly queer feeling because it gives one the sense that Germany is inhabited by ghosts who in many ways seem more real than the people of flesh and blood whom one encounters: 'the living seem more shadowy than they'. One is thinking primarily, of course, of the ghosts of National Socialism; but also of even older ghosts than that: the ghosts of the Weimar Republic and of the Prussian Army and of a whole generation of young men who between 1918 and 1932 tried to find some satisfaction for their idealism in various forms of extremism and violence.

To me, at least, these ghosts sometimes seemed more alive and more substantial than the newly born Germany of today, in which so many Germans wish desperately to free themselves from everything which reminds them, and other people, of their past. And so one finds it hard to believe that they really are ghosts, that they have vanished for ever, without trace, as so many Germans assure one that they have; it is

easier to believe that they are simply spirits who have gone into hiding, who still lurk behind the façade of the new Germany, and are merely awaiting a favourable opportunity to emerge and take possession of the Germans once again.

When the allies entered Germany at the end of the war it was rather in the spirit in which one might enter the house of a woman possessed by devils, with the firm intention of exorcising them, whatever the cost, for good and all, and of never leaving that house until it was free of all evil influences. And I think that by every external sign our purpose has been largely achieved; only we feel uneasily that perhaps we have left the house not purified but merely empty and that the devils are simply waiting to return. And sometimes the Germans feel this, too; and this is the basis of the fear which many of them have that, if they are simply left alone, they will fall once again into the power of evil. Let me give an example. I went to see a man whom I had not seen since 1933. He had fought as a young man in the 1914-1918 war; indeed, he had been a member of one of those shock troops who were a model, both in theory and in practice, for the National Socialists. He had been a German nationalist, one of those who helped the National

Socialists to come to power; and like many of the National Socialists in the early days, he managed to combine a belief in the virtues of violence with a profound admiration for the poetry of Hölderlin and Rilke. Since such a combination of beliefs was not easy to maintain in the face of the practice of National Socialism, my friend became disillusioned, retired to his estate, and there, still reading Hölderlin and Rilke, survived the Third Reich and the war.

'No Demand for an Army'

When I went to see him he still looked like what he always was—a German officer of the Imperial Army. But when I talked to him about the prospects of Germany recovering her sovereignty, and of the rebirth of the German army, I found that they filled him with no enthusiasm whatever. And when I tried to find out why, he simply stated that he shared the belief of all his countrymen that a German army would provide no kind of answer to Germany's problems; that, as far as the young were concerned, who are the only people who matter if you are really going to create an army, they regarded the prospect with profound distaste and boredom; and that in his opinion, when the moment came for the Germans to create an army, they might find plenty of generals but would find it very hard to raise any privates. 'There is no demand in Germany for an army', he said: 'the demand comes from you and not from us. Of course, there are lunatics who want one. You will find them sitting on their farms, or in their factories, or even in government service, hoping for the day when they may put on uniform again. But they are isolated individuals and they represent nobody. And, what is more, they are already middle-aged and getting older every day, like Chiang Kai-shek's army on Formosa, with no one from whom to recruit their ranks. As for the young, the only thing that would give them any enthusiasm for becoming soldiers would be the idea of joining the ranks of a European army, under a European flag, in a European uniform, and I am afraid that that is not possible'.

Although I had already heard similar statements from a great many Germans, I never ceased to be surprised by them, and I was even more surprised to hear them coming from my old friend. And so I could not help expressing a certain amount of scepticism and pressing him to say whether he really believed in what he had been saying, and at this he became extremely reflective and I thought that he had begun to think about Hölderlin and Rilke again. But suddenly he said: 'I will say something which I would not admit to anyone else. If it becomes essential that we have an army, and if it is a German national army, not a part of a European army, then on the day when the first unit parades through the streets, in German uniform, under a German flag, and with a German military band at its head playing a German marching song, I will not guarantee that the spectators lining the streets will not break ranks and join the column'. The contradiction contained in my friend's views, between the statement of fact, and the apprehension about the future, is too obvious to need emphasising; but it is typical of the state of mind of many Germans, and I think that what he said on this occasion expressed in at least three respects what a great many Germans are thinking or feeling.

The first is that a German army in and for itself has, at the moment, little or no glamour for the great mass of Germans, and inspires little enthusiasm in them, and in the young none at all; an army can retain its glamour after defeat, but not easily after total and complete collapse. The second is that the idea of Europe, which seems so thin and abstract to an Englishman, does for the Germans possess glamour, and is capable of inspiring an enthusiasm which to us may well seem extraordinary; it is perhaps the only idea that is capable of filling the vacuum which has been left by the defeat and collapse of each of the three forms of national state which the Germans have created since they were united. And the third is the helplessness which many Germans feel in the face of a situation in which this idea of Europe may prove to be merely an abstract idea, impossible to translate into a concrete and practical reality. The Germans, as I have said before, are a highly unstable people, and there is a piece of German doggerel which perfectly expresses their own particular form of instability:

*Und willst du nicht mein Bruder sein
Dann schlag ich Dir den Schädel ein,*

which may be roughly translated as: 'and if you refuse to love me I'll knock your block off'. The danger in Germany today is not any secret, hidden, or disguised desire for a revival of German militarism, but the revulsion of feeling which is bound to occur if the idea of a united Europe in which the large majority of them believe today proves

to be impossible to realise. One German, a young German who was still at the university and who showed precisely that same form of boredom and indifference at the idea of military service which is shown by most English undergraduates, said to me: 'We would accept having an army if it is the price of defending and uniting Europe; but if it is simply the price of defending Germany—count me out'.

This attitude of 'count me out', this desire to escape political decisions, is a common one in Germany, and many experienced observers of Germany have remarked upon it. But I think that it is probably less common than it was a short time ago, and that this is part of a process by which Germans are being forced to realise that such an escape is no longer possible. And this is something which many Germans regret. I talked to an industrialist in the Ruhr, who is in many ways the kind of man who might have stood in the dock at Nuremberg as an accomplice in what used to be called 'the criminal alliance of Prussian militarism and Ruhr industry'; that is to say, he is very conscious of German economic power and knows that to exploit this power fully Germany needs larger markets, and that in the effort to secure such markets she will meet strong competition, particularly from this country. He was, in fact, just such a man as I should expect to welcome the recognition of German sovereignty and the right to maintain her own armed forces. Yet his strongest reaction to such a situation was one of regret. 'I regret it', he said, 'because it has come too soon for us. I know that in your country finance and industry always have the full power of government behind them, and that the state is always at the service of industry in any effort at expansion'. (This is a common illusion in Germany about this country.)

'In our country', he went on, 'the relation between the state, on the one hand, and finance and industry on the other, has never been so close and direct, and perhaps we can no longer afford this, if we are to compete with Britain in foreign markets. And, if this is so, perhaps we need a strong, independent, sovereign state, such as we do not have at present, but perhaps soon will have. But I wish it did not have to come so soon, because we are not ready for it. We need a longer time to accustom ourselves to democratic methods, and to learn that we must apply them in relation to other countries as well as to ourselves. We need time to form habits, and conventions, and, if we can, a tradition of government, which will be strong enough, as they are in your country, to restrain the state from violent and impetuous decisions. We are an impatient people, and we need time to learn patience. I think that, since the war, we have made some progress in this respect, while at the same time we have made very great economic progress; but we have had the chance to do so largely because we have been under restraint, and by nations who politically are better educated than we are; perhaps they can afford the time for education because they do not work so hard as we do. I agree with Dr. Adenauer that we may come to look back on the past five years as the happiest and most prosperous in our history. I wish we could continue under the same conditions until we were confident we had learned the habits which you have tried to teach us or until Europe had built up some alternative form of organisation strong enough to guide us and restrain us from our terrible tendency to impatience and impetuosity'.

A Common Attitude

My friend the Ruhr industrialist and my friend the ex-commander of a shock troop, though they represent precisely those forces of Prussian militarism and Ruhr industry which were accused of having formed a criminal alliance, have very little in common. The industrialist does not have many of the romantic illusions which float through the head of every Prussian officer, and the officer regards industry as something rather degrading. But one thing they have in common in their attitude to Germany today is this sense of uneasiness about what may happen if Germany is not given the opportunity of becoming, in some concrete and practical sense, a member of a larger political organisation, which for them is represented by the word Europe; and this sense of uneasiness is caused not so much by any concrete evidence in Germany of a tendency to revert, as we might say, 'to type', but by the feeling that what we may call the 'new' as compared with the 'old' Germany is still too young for us to be certain of its future. If a neurotic, after a long and painful process of analysis, is at length pronounced 'cured', it is still too early to be certain that the cure is permanent, for neurosis is a condition which may always recur; and, indeed, it seems to me almost certain to recur if the neurotic passes from the hands of his doctor or analyst only to return to the same world of isolation to which his neurosis originally condemned him.

—Home Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Prosit, Gourmets

WE publish today another talk by Lady Vischer, that queen of esoteric cookery. If one wished to be provocative, one might say that cookery is a man's art, washing-up a woman's. How many people can name a famous woman cook apart from Mrs. Beeton, whereas the names of famous chefs roll off the gourmet's tongue? (On the other hand, a public man was heard to say the other day that the only after-dinner speech he knew was 'Shall I do the washing-up, dear?') Perhaps, on the whole and broadly speaking, women are more realistic than men. Some of them at any rate take the view that to spend hours labouring in the kitchen over a dish which will disappear in a minute or two is a disproportionate display of energy. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, but a *Crêpe Suzette* is soon nothing more than a smack of the lips. Most men would say, for their part, that eating should be taken seriously. An army marches on its stomach, and *Man ist was man isst*.

Certainly an irresponsible restaurant is liable to be the home of flapdoodle and eye-wash for the unwary. To freeze the flavour out of white wine and to boil the taste out of red are two favourite devices offered to the innocent as examples of gourmandise. Then, as Lady Vischer points out, cooking with wine means, as often as not, dousing the soup with sherry or drowning the fish in a sour white wine. Another ingenuity now sometimes practised in hotels since the abolition of rationing is to fill out a meal with tinned tit-bits or fractions of cheap fish so as to provide an impressive seven-course affair in which not one item is really palatable. Of course a dinner party at home is quite another matter. Here even the most sceptical and hardworked housewife would not deny that a special exertion is defensible if only to wipe the eyes of the guests. But one needs discipline, infinite patience, and a love of the art before one can confidently follow the admirable advice of Lady Vischer. Herbs are tricky alike to grow and to use: a little more and how much too much! The same warning is applicable to the use of wine. Nothing is more nauseating than a saucepan of food blistered with red wine. And then, again, recipes that look marvellously impressive in a French cookery book may be less appealing in a British suburb than in a garden restaurant in the Midi.

However, cynicism must be avoided for, as in all forms of art, there is a golden mean in cookery. Because one has had accidents in experimenting *à la française*, one should not automatically revert to type with over-roasted beef, watery cabbage, and duffer's plum duff. As Chesterton wrote, if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing badly, and no one can enjoy the art of cooking until he (or she) has achieved a few notable failures. As to restaurants it is a question of finding the right one. There are in fact many excellent restaurants nowadays in all parts of the country, but it is not always the imposing hotel, on the one side, nor that scruffy little place in the basement at the back of the high street that gives the best value for money. In London today, though prices are necessarily high by pre-war standards owing both to the cost of the raw materials and the labour to prepare and serve them, competition among first-class restaurateurs is such that the knowledgeable gourmet has a wide choice. A favourite eating place at the moment among those who know is that little place just off . . . no, on second thoughts, perhaps it is wiser to keep it to oneself.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the Paris Agreements

THE SIGNING OF THE Paris agreements on October 23 led many commentators in the west to speak of a 'turning-point in European history'. Mr. Dulles was quoted as speaking of Europe having given 'a fresh demonstration of its resourcefulness and capacity for constructive action'. The Italian Foreign Minister was quoted as describing the agreements as 'a landmark for European unity and world peace'. M. Mendès-France announced that he would ask the French National Assembly to ratify the agreements before the end of the year. Dr. Adenauer was quoted as expressing his satisfaction with the agreements; but the leader of the Social Democrat Party, Herr Ollenhauer, attacked the Saar agreement. A number of French newspapers were quoted as expressing astonishment at the rapidity of the progress in unifying western Europe since the death of E.D.C. On the eve of the agreements being signed—with the Saar still a point of contention—*Le Figaro* was quoted as saying:

If we want to prevent the Americans from having a poor opinion of France, we still have a chance of treating the London agreement on Germany not as a point of withdrawal but as a point of departure—by presenting ourselves before Moscow as the instigators of this new Charter to unite and fortify the camp of freedom against that of the oppressors.

Right up to the time when the agreements were signed, Moscow broadcasts to the west European countries warned about the danger of the London agreements. *Pravda* was quoted as saying that Germany's entry into the Atlantic bloc 'will mean colossal war profits for the monopolists in the U.S.A. and western Germany'. The broadcast went on:

Banking on the arms race and the remilitarisation of western Germany, the sponsors of the London plan expose themselves as opponents of the reduction of armaments and the prohibition of atomic weapons, in spite of their declarations to the contrary. There is no doubt that the projects under discussion at Paris are directed against the reunification of Germany and against a peace treaty with Germany. The aggressive elements in the United States and Bonn want to frustrate four-power negotiations on the German question.

On the very day of the signing of the Paris agreements, Moscow radio broadcast the text of a new Soviet Note to the Western Powers calling for a four-power conference next month to discuss the re-establishment of German unity, the immediate withdrawal of occupation forces, and the calling of an all-European conference on collective security. Moscow broadcasts explained the new signs of Franco-German reconciliation as due to 'capitalist circles in France' seeking profits from French-German co-operation in arms production. Moreover:

French ruling circles are prepared to permit the penetration of west German capital into the French colonies in return for retaining the preferential position of French capital in the Saar.

This broadcast, made several days before agreement on the Saar was announced, added that serious differences remained. According to *Pravda*, an 'atmosphere of conspiracy' characterised the Paris meetings. Moscow broadcasts, like those from east Germany, claimed that results of the elections in east Germany amounted to a unanimous avowal for peace and German unification and a rejection of west German militarisation. Much was said in east German broadcasts about the 'will of the people' expressed in these single-list elections, though they did not hesitate to admit that whole sections of the population voted publicly to show their support of what was called the 'National Front'. The atmosphere was perhaps best conveyed by an east German transmission which spoke of the Busch circus 'parading through the streets of Erfurt to the polling station carrying banners'. East German comments on the Paris agreements spoke of the agreement to restore west German sovereignty as 'a document of national disgrace' and 'a general war pact in a new disguise'.

The new Soviet policy towards Yugoslavia was well exemplified in Soviet broadcasts last week on the tenth anniversary of the liberation of Belgrade. A broadcast from Prague in Serbo-Croat claimed that it was Soviet troops who liberated Belgrade, though 'the best sons of the Yugoslav people assisted'. It further claimed that Anglo-United States bomber squadrons intervened in the Yugoslav struggle only when 'liberation was a mere matter of days', when they had 'mercilessly bombed' a number of Yugoslav towns. The broadcast concluded:

By its unparalleled heroism, the Soviet Army foiled the plans of the nazis and also the plans of the Anglo-American Command.

Did You Hear That?

GARDEN OF EDEN IN BERLIN

GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. Berlin correspondent, recently visited the English-style garden which has been made in the Tiergarten to see how British flowers and shrubs have flourished there, and explained in 'The Eye-Witness' why Berliners call it the 'Garden of Eden'.

'What was a desolate stretch of ten acres', he said, 'today looks like a miniature edition of Kensington Gardens, Regents Park, and an English country house park, all combined. It was originally a British suggestion, put forward by General Bourne, when he was British Commandant in Berlin, and strongly supported by the late Lord Mayor, Professor Ernst Reuter. The purpose was to give permanent expression to the friendly relations which grew up after the war between the Berliners and the British. The Shropshire Horticultural Society took the initiative in obtaining gifts of British plants and shrubs for the new garden, and some were presented by the late King George VI, and others by Queen Elizabeth.

'They have almost without exception done well in Berlin, and the grass seed, which also came from Britain, has produced some immaculate lawns. The actual design of the garden was a joint effort by Mr. Thrower, the adviser to the Shropshire Horticultural Society, and Herr Witte, the Superintendent of Parks in West Berlin, who exchanged ideas and visits. In May, 1952, the English garden was opened by Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Eden, and since then it has been popularly known among Berliners as "Garden of Eden". He described it as an inspired example of joint enterprise. It is certainly a curious experience to walk only a few yards from the debris of Bismarck's empire in the heart of Berlin into the quietness of this thoroughly English piece of landscape gardening'.

THE FILM OF MARTIN LUTHER

'"Martin Luther" has come to town', said GORDON RUPP in a Home Service talk, 'and the film is being shown in this country after an astonishingly successful run in the United States and in Canada. It has been hailed, in America, as a great film. Here, where we are less exuberant, we had better keep to understatement, for as a spectacle it cannot be compared with some of the historical films of past years. Yet, after all, we may be thankful that it was not Hollywood which discovered the photogenic qualities of Martin Luther. We might have had, then, "The Martin Luther Story", featuring Gregory Peck as the young Luther, Charles Laughton as Luther in middle age, with Miss Rita Hayworth as Mrs. Luther to supply what we might call the non-theological factors of the story. But that would be poor compensation for the facts of history shattered to bits and then remoulded nearer to the heart's desire of Kansas City. This is, in fact, a highly competent American production, made in towns, monasteries, and castles in the western zone of Germany, and a very workmanlike cast is headed by Mr. Niall MacGinnis who gives a sensitive and impressive performance as Martin Luther.

'The film has roused some controversy, but that is not surprising either, for people have been arguing for and against Martin Luther for over 400 years. He was involved in one of the greatest upheavals in European history, and he began that division in the Western Church

which, like some deep Colorado Canyon, still grievously separates the Catholic and Protestant Churches. To millions of people, in the light of these things, Luther has seemed to be a wicked man, rather like Mussolini in Low's famous cartoon at the time of the Abyssinian crisis as "The Man Who took the Lid Off". Lives of Luther have been written in what seems to me to be "upside down" language, rather like a *Daily Worker* description of the fighting in Korea. None the less, this picture, as one Roman Catholic reviewer has said, is "an honest film".

'For the one good result of all the argument has been that nowadays Protestants and Catholics take uncommon pains to get their facts right.



Scene from the film, 'Martin Luther': the great debate between Luther (Niall MacGinnis), left, and John Eck, the Catholic theologian, which took place in Leipzig in 1519 and lasted eighteen days

This film deserves high marks for historical accuracy. Most of the dialogue can be substantiated, and if one short sequence might have been omitted, it would be on grounds of taste rather than of inaccuracy. The main line of the film is well authenticated. It begins with Martin Luther's sudden decision to enter a monastery, the great hopes with which he embraced the solemn vocation, and then his disillusionment and frustration. We see, as far as a film can show something so private, the poignant loneliness of a man at odds with himself and with the universe, uncomfortable by the official consolations of his religion, haunted by a sense of divine judgement to the point of anguish and despair, and then, marvellously, finding peace of mind in awareness of the forgiving Righteousness of God. This is the important link between Martin Luther and the great church struggle which began

in 1517 with his protest against the sale of indulgences. He was hypersensitive to an abuse of which many moralists had already complained, since these indulgences could so easily be misrepresented and misunderstood as though—and this really horrified Luther—the awful, tremendous judgements of Almighty God could be averted, fobbed off for a payment cash down. These indulgences really had become an unsavoury scandal. That John Tetzel, who organised them, was a kind of ecclesiastical spiv, I take to be shown by the fact that he was abandoned by his own side and died, disgraced and discredited, in Leipzig in 1519. The film tells this part of the story more clearly than any book I have ever read.

The climax of the film is Luther's appearance before the young Emperor Charles V at the Imperial Diet in the City of Worms. He had been excommunicated by the Church: now, unless he offered unconditional surrender, he was to be made an outlaw. My own mental picture of the scene is something more crowded, more noisy, more jostling and excited than the rather sedate setting of the film. Yet the film makes us concentrate on what is really central, and at this point Mr. Niall MacGinnis finely shows us how a sensitive spirit, cruelly torn between immense loyalties, can win from faith the courage to stand alone, and to obey the voice of conscience, come what may'.

THE RATTLESHAM TRIBE

'Children', said PHYLLIS KEEVES-SIMPSON in a Home Service talk, 'frequently create imaginary playmates whom they endow with great authority and magical powers. It is a privileged grown-up who gets to know these valuable playmates intimately.

'My elder daughter, Chloe, and her friend, Tig, not only invented a complete tribe of imaginary people but brought them to life in concrete form by themselves, making, over a period of years, 238 toy animals—the members of the Rattlesham tribe. I remember being rather irritated once with the children for playing a game on the stairs which I felt could be played quite well in the nursery. The game seemed to me to consist of hurling a hundred or so toy animals from the top of the stairs to the bottom, accompanied by a good deal of noise and a kind of chanting. My curiosity got the better of my impatience as I recalled that these toys, all of them home-made by the children, had been responsible for hours and hours of quiet, contented play behind the closed doors of the nursery over a period of several years. Wet days passed as peacefully as fine days when the Rattlesham tribe held the girls' attention. The tribe was increasing in numbers almost daily and it seemed suddenly to have broken loose and become rather a menace. I curbed my impatience at the muddle in the hall, and asked mildly if it was really necessary. The children, being in an expansive mood and evidently finding me in a responsive one, poured out—rather like a couple of psychiatrists to a puzzled parent—the absolute necessity of the "rough and tumble", as this game was called. It was *not* a game but a serious tribal rite, and if it should be interrupted all manner of evil consequences would overtake the tribe. Magic was involved: so real did the tribe become as I listened that I had no wish for its captain—a sinister-looking monkey—to cast an evil eye on me for interfering. I decided that the "rough and tumble" was the lesser of the two evils.

'We had always been allowed to see and help name new members of the tribe, and we knew, for instance, that all members owned a ration book, and that council meetings took place regularly, but we had never been allowed to attend any tribal meeting or been initiated into any of its complicated ritual. I felt promoted at learning so much that afternoon in the hall, and asked the girls, as a great favour, if they could possibly write me a short history of the tribe, its origin, its development, its present aims and future hopes.

'I have the document to this day—the spelling is odd, but phonetic—and here are some of the things I learned from it. The tribal oath of allegiance is one of the stiffest imaginable. It reads: "I promise to obey God and Captain Mickey, and to attend meetings, even if it means missing a meal".

'The Rattlesham tribe took its name from the Rattlesham, a home-made little wooden car which rattled, and was the means of transporting the tribe from place to place, before they were so numerous they outgrew it.

'The tribe were all men or boys, and they had their natural enemy in the invisible and hostile tribe, the Eel tribe, who were all female. The original oath had included allegiance to a King as well, but this had been altered. The oath was altered again, still later, to include such promises as "helping people out of scrapes", and "kindness". Finally, the tribe admitted two girls of the hated Eel tribe as companions to the captain and his secretary. This seemed to cause trouble among the other members, as might be expected!

'As in many fairy tales, a "key" possessing magical powers was at the core of the mystery of the tribe's rise to power. To quote once more from my manuscript: "The tribe's greatest possession was a master key which they used for stealing most of their goods. This was very early on, they do not steal now. The master key fitted every lock, it was made of stiff paper and kept in a small box. It has now

been lost, but as they don't steal any more it doesn't matter". Such extracts easily lend themselves to analysis—the growth of moral sense, knowledge replacing the need for magic, etc.—but mystery and romance, not analysis, are the object of my talk.

'It does not take a psychologist to see that the development of the tribe was a projection of the children's own imaginative and emotional development, and therefore of great value as a means of self-expression. As the years passed the tribe literally took on an independent life of its own, a life of the imagination, as might characters in a novel or a play who bewilder the author and make him wonder what they will do next. The rest of the family respected the tribe, put up with the inconvenience of the rite on the stairs, and never pried into its mysteries, from which all adults were excluded'.

THE EXPORT TRADE IN MOTOR CARS

'One motor-car is turned out in Great Britain every eleven seconds of every day', said ALASTAIR DUNNETT in 'Topic for Tonight'. 'As far as I could find out at the Motor Show, this is a pace which may be stepped up still further. At present, it means that during the

first nine months of this year we have produced over 500,000 cars, and will have produced between 750,000 and 1,000,000 by the end of the year. The only year in which we produced more cars than this was 1950. On the other hand, the total value is higher than ever.

'What happens to these cars? From the traffic jams we have been having recently in London, you would think that most of them went to the home market. But this is not so. More than fifty per cent. are exported. This may not sound a cheerful prospect for home motor-



British cars ready for export

ists, but in fact while we bought 295,000 new cars last year, it is expected that by the end of 1954 we shall have bought 400,000. Some of the models among the forty new British cars were well worth seeing. None of the imports from other European countries is cheap enough to compete with them. Among the bigger cars a six-cylinder saloon manufactured by a firm near Birmingham was drawing big crowds, and I noticed quite a few people taking an interest in two new estate cars brought out by Coventry firms.

'Taken all round, British cars do seem to be holding their own in the export market. While the percentage of cars exported fell from 1952 to 1953, the actual number of cars going abroad has increased, and figures for this year are encouraging. By far the biggest customer is Australia, and she is closely followed by Sweden. Sweden is virtually a free market for European car manufacturers, and it says a good deal for British salesmanship that our exports to that country have doubled in the past year. Indeed, forty per cent. of all cars sold in Sweden are British. Our next best customer is the United States of America, and then come New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa.

'It may be that the motor industry will find it difficult in future to keep up the same high level of export, for the new countries overseas, like Australia, will certainly, sooner or later, start manufacturing cars of their own. This need not hurt the industry, provided it is flexible enough to find sufficient new markets. This may well take place in such areas as the Middle East'.

We are asked to say that the memorial window referred to in R. A. Robertson's talk (THE LISTENER, October 14) was given to Glasgow Cathedral not, as stated, by the Glasgow Highlanders and the Highland Light Infantry, but by all the four Scottish Divisions—the 9th Scottish, the 15th Scottish, the 51st Highland, and the 52nd Lowland.

The Transparent Prisoner*

By BURNS SINGER

They took me somewhere sleeping in the desert
Up middle of a minefield near Benghazi:
And I was hungry—but that was later. At first
It was the Germans—you'd hardly call them
Nazi—

Polite and battle-hungry happy men
—O I would like to meet those chaps again.

And everything was decent at headquarters,
After we'd picked our way out like with
tweezers,
Decent and capable; and we were ordered
Into small companies, and fed or feasted
Better than back in Cairo. So for ten days
We waited, glad in the shade, glad of delays.

Then we were shifted in a desert truck
Back eighty miles, the sun like liquid steel,
The smell of heat, the nagging—until it took
A hard wrench on my memory to dispel
Those green and English places and the sounds
Which hiccuped at me, festering with old
wounds.

But it was still the Germans, and one talked
At great length about his home-town, in what
I soon could recognise as Marburg—talked
And was glad of it, till I let out
A long throng of impatient memories:
Together we mourned the way an instant dies.

There was a Frenchman too—some sort of
pilot

In an ugly bandage. The three of us
Got talking all odd accents, and in a while it
Wasn't just words: we sang the Marseillaise,
The Land of Hope and Glory, and Auld
Lang Syne:

Till on that note we reached a little town.

There we changed captors. We were back at
base

With I-ties, or Italians, or plain Wops,
Who pinched our watches but could not refuse
To feed us on a diet of their slops.
And it was there that I first learned to sense
The tidy brutality of a barbed-wire fence.

It lay about us, rigorous as the proof
Of human ignorance finally seems to men—
—A limiting condition of all life,
Not just of ours—though it was we alone
Who acted camouflage halfway symbol to
It—and the laws we're hourly half-dragged
through.

Everything worked by halves, and half-alive,
Half-starved and half-imprisoned as we were,
We were half-tempted almost to contrive
Escapes across that rusting wrestling wire;
But we did not. Instead, half-hearted jokes
Tried to persuade us we were happy blokes.

Then soon it ended, because we moved again,
This time on foot, and I don't really know
How many miles made up the phenomenon
That I describe, though not remembering, now.
Miles anyhow there were, no lack of them,
And afterwards more miles, and still the same.

It was the desert, and the sun was high
Or it went down; but it came up again:
A negroid Cyclops or at least his eye,
It pointed at us like an accusing gun
Which would go off if for a moment we
Forgot ourselves so much as to feel free.

Of course we had been guilty; so we went
On, though complaining, yet without arousing
Any emotion that was really meant.
We walked ahead, hypnotised by the horizon:
It wriggled in our sweat, in one round drop:
We did not reach it and we did not stop.

Then the night fell on us whipping us with
sand,
The cold, the dry grains in our nose and nails;
The tickling blankets and the loud command
To sleep or wake or empty filthy pails—
—Words in a language that meant no more
to us
Than to a bird the fumbled blunderbuss.

We could not sleep, nor wake. We seemed to
touch
A secret manifestation of the truth:
We lay down in the desert and learned to
teach
Ignorance to professors: we learned to mouth
Old truths, and to forget them when they hurt,
Hurt us too much: truth became true as that.

We seemed like looking in a dead man's eyes
To see small stars dipped deep in the black
pupil,
We'd suddenly and simply realise
How old astrologers could without scruple
Paste our lives on to them and advertise
Their rigmarole as wisdom to the wise.

For they were lying like in a black cup
Tealeaves made out of pure white light might
lie

And formed a pattern, and a single drop
Brewed from those fragments of immensity
Could satiate thirst, it seemed, and let us pass
The ghost that most and momentarily haunts us.

What could have been the banquet of the gods,
I almost wondered, what could it have been
If these stars are the dregs? Are all men
besides

Morsels to nibble when the feast is done?
I thought until the thought hardened past pain.
My thoughts grew eyes. They let the stars
down in.

So for a long way: but it ended near
Tunis—you know the place? Most of us died
There—but you don't. You never will know
where
Tunis pitted the map. It was outside
The squares they plant with pin-marks, beyond
the four
Winds' quarters. I lived there. It is everywhere.

You'll reach it through a miserable month,
Sliding on sweat, cartwheeling over vomit,
Climb a few corpses and about the tenth
You'll turn about and think you've reached the
summit.

That was your own one, was it? Not at all.
Here is another. You let your foot fall.

Daylight became a sticky mess of flies,
A filthy porridge stewing in our blood,
Lumpy with bubbles, and the rest of us
An ulcer, an excrescence, where they stood
Next me, a second; then they disappeared
And left me as before, and I despaired.

Starvation hits you innerwards like that,
Forces pattern on thought, on feeling, and all
We most think moral in man. It doesn't act
Only. It's something bigger: it thinks. And
call
Yourself what you like, the image of God, the
True,
Starvation alters reflection. It alters you.

And takes you down with it, through horrid
slopes,
Along with shapes, and higher in your brain
It walks and wants, and everywhere escapes
Into its proper hunger, making the mind din
Over—mere mechanisms built to try
New methods out, try, try to satisfy.

Starvation can lead you to Tunis—the one I
know.

It is an old town. There men have lived
Since men have lived, and those who died
there knew

That it could hold their bodies, and believed
Others would find a burial ground there too.
I lived there, all of me. Don't go. Don't go.

The stench, the itch, the dysentery, the hours,
And then the moment when the guards
brought bread:

I took the lot and gobbled on all fours
And didn't tell them that my mates were dead
Till the thick smell of them and the
discoloured face
Made it impossible and I ate still less.

Four men, a breakfast roll, a pail of water,
With at the bottom suds of macaroni,
At least a dozen but about as bitter
As the green slime that rots across a penny.
Hell has its comforts. Those who died forgot
At least the worst of it but I can not.

For life goes on. It keeps on going, going
Over the old hard ground, and the unbroken
Heart breaks again. I felt my life-blood
slowing.

Death was at work; when suddenly I was
taken,
A slab upon a stretcher, to a ship.
I did not eat there and I could not sleep.

* Broadcast in the Scottish Home Service on the eve of the twelfth anniversary of the battle of El Alamein

Guns snored from Malta. Planes bounced
above my head
The decks and port-holes splashed into the
water.
Winds swarmed and hopes subsided.
Thoughts went dead;
And hours went pounding hard and helplessly,
Like iron pistons, into emptiness.
The sea grew slack then. We had come across.

And then they tended us, gave us to eat
From wholesome plates. We lived in an old
castle,
And gradually our limbs at least forgot
They had been hungry. Lips began to whistle,
Fingers to hold a pen, and pain to go.
Thoughts bustled through us, hopefully to and
fro.

It didn't last, of course, but nothing does,
And we enjoyed it, knowing it would end.
A train ran weekly and took some of us
Out of it somewhere but I couldn't find
A clue to the direction till one day
I was among the ones who went away.

It must have been two months between the two
Modes of starvation—one, the quick acute
And killing primary need I had come to know.
Death gurgled near it. . . . It seemed a mere
brute
Rampant and miserable, plunging with a moan
Its whole weight at me: in me like a bone.

The other—but it was in Germany—
A perilous pedestrian sense of God—
It lasted longer, outlasting sun and snow
Two winters and three summers. I watched
the slow plod
Of overlaid feet, till I had seen
Footprints like letters form an articulate line.

Or rather—but we lived in a tin hut
With one of those long reaches for a prison
Where the slack landscape folding out of sight
Seems to crop up again behind the horizon;
At least we slept there, when we had got
through
With hacking coal for sixteen hours a day.

They kept us there for coal, alive enough
To cut it in the dark, but not to think.
They gave us porridge and a kind of dough
Half-baked to bread, and sticky soup to drink.
I ate it, gave them coal, two years and more,
And shivered in a blanket on a floor.

Any conditions continued long enough
Will stretch themselves until a man can live
All of him, in them; and the lowest life
Give highest impulse headroom, though he
have
A hutch, a hole, a hill, to habit, and
Squalor alone to love and understand.

That is what baffles tyrants. Only death
Can end man's freedom to be all man can.
Prisons are perches. I went underneath
Then came up with a precious undertone
That swirled to song out of the damp dark
Through coughs that came with it and made
it stark.

There were enough of them—incarnadined
The shining rock-face with thick frothy spittle,
And hours enough after the coal was mined
To watch how others bended or turned brittle,
Broke in a moment, and the hysteric calm
After the black barred ambulance had come.

Yet in the tunnel, at the rock-face, when,
Accumulated by exhaustion, thoughts
Would form and fold and hold themselves
close in
About the point of peace, were other states.
The shift, twelve hours had gone, and six
more yet.
The pick-axe slithered in my hand like sweat.

Huge blocks and boulders mined off hours ago
Would seem a sick weight, and my stomach
turned
Into a sob, and memories of snow
And footprints tapering backwards through it
burned,
Like tiny monosyllables blaze, with fear.
My weak arms worked. I seemed to disappear.

Lying along my belly, the rock roof
Two feet above, the wet rock floor upon
My muscles sliding, I seemed to grow aloof
From my own body or to grow a skin,
Flesh, form, and senses, deep within my own
And to retire to live in them alone.

My hands against the coal would grow
transparent,
Then, like a match felt softly by its flame,
My arms would char into a wandering current;
Warm radiance crept up them till the same
Vivid transparency flooded every part
And I could see the beating of my heart.

As sedentary worms that burrow in
A froth of sand cement it with a slime
Out of their own skin, I too shed my shine
On to the rock below me till in time
It took the same transparency as myself:
I saw its seed, its kernel, through the filth.

And then above, the rock like catching fire
Bled into clearness to the pointed grass
That bled beyond it; and the sun that higher
Winds in its web this planetary mass
Grew clear; stars stood above it, and ranged
behind
Its brightness like the workings of a mind.

I saw the moments and the seasons swim
Precisely through me and I saw them show
Huts, hills and homes, and distance, and my
dream
Of little footsteps shrieking in the snow
As they tip into darkness, all grow bright
And smother everything in transparent light.

I watched. A tender clarity became
That moment mine, as clear as through a hand
Bones shadow out into a candle's flame
And tender-terrible as to understand
Faults that the finding of has often killed
Pity and pain in you, fault-ridden child.

And I acknowledged. O I don't know what,
But greater grace than my acknowledgement
Could ever reach the edge of, or forget—
—A tender clarity that would not relent
Till I saw mercy from the merciless brink
Of thoughts which no mind born was born to
think:

A tender clarity that is not understood
But by the helpless in a dangerous instant,
A perilous deity. O my good God,
Come quietly at last, and become constant.
The years grow small about me. I despair.
Impose your order on my every hour.

It was an order, yes! but not imposed
Though not within itself complete, and not
Abstract—an order, movement, force,
composed
Of situations, things, which one great thought
Transparented completely through its mind:
Dawn; the long images lay down behind.

I was at mercy of them, am unable
Ever to meet except set in dismay
No, no, not shadows—but the implacable
Splendour descending, splitting tenderly
Skin, skull, and atom, till, though merely man,
I recognise a reason for all pain.

I saw the world, the world in full
transparency,
Stark peaks through earth like vultures
crowding down,
Become a symbol for its own appearance,
A system that completely and unknown
Was worked through by old forces and old
laws
Which let it mean them, being what it was.

No other certainly. It didn't change
But stayed as still as in the stifed heart
Feelings not spoken, words would disarrange,
Can lie in hiding for their counterpart.
It was the world. Confuse no heaven nor hell.
The boring bubbling world you know so well.

The cold unclean and comfortable world,
Hard as an anvil, pointed, and as flat;
Circular saw, the orbit, square sphere swirled
Through bones, through brains; the spotted
speedy spate
Of rivers, riders, racing with a will
Past men and mountains through the
inexplicable.

Lying along my belly in the mine,
Or labouring footprints in the German snow,
I, the involved one, learned to love again
And, loving it, attempted to reach through
To the broad air, the people, though for years
My pit-prop prison peopled unawares.

I learned to love the self-same world as now:
For love of it, though its transparency
Was my captivity, I planned carefully how
To reach through to it and in it to be free.
I killed a man. I killed him and escaped
Into it living. Then, at last, I wept.

I got away through the Bohemian South
And into Yugoslavia where I joined
A band of partisans who lived next to death.
In that excitement, thinking was postponed
Or sharpened hard on the best way to kill.
I kept myself alive, and that was all.

But now as years pass and the war is done
I find myself of evenings often enchanted
And guessing what goes on within my brain,
Conceive myself as of being haunted
By corpses more alive than his own flesh:
They dog me with a brittle tenderness

That breaks upon a whim, but nothing breaks
Through my continual sense of loss and sense
Of being cut off by simple slight mistakes,
Everyday errors, from an innocence
That is still mine though it lives a life apart
Folded transparently in the transparent heart.

A Poet and His Public

By ROBERT GRAVES

HERE I sit, alone in a sound-proof room, at a table bare but for my papers, a pencil, and a glass of water. I am supposed to be addressing my public, as members of other professions in this series have addressed theirs. An awkward situation. The chances are that not more than one person in every hundred has read my poems even by mistake—except perhaps a few rhymes which I wrote nearly forty years ago and which have got fossilised in school anthologies. The chances are equally against any immediate increase in the number of my readers because of this broadcast.

No Need of an Audience

You will notice that the B.B.C. has not supplied me with an audience to make encouraging noises and laugh in the right places, as it does for highly-paid comedians. I dare say it might have raked together a sympathetic audience, if I had insisted. (I was an old friend of the Corporation's while it was still only a Company, and announced itself as 2LO; when you veteran listeners were using home-made crystal sets with cat's whiskers; and every time a bus went down the Strand you heard the rumble.) But a poet needs no audience: he can do very well without the giggle or horse-laugh so necessary for the comedian. The comedian tries to make his public as large as possible, and loses no opportunity of meeting it in person; he takes it out to dinner (so to speak) and pets it, and gives it photographs signed in enormous round handwriting—'To my own darling Public, from your adorer Charlie'. And he joins in every merry romp that will bind him and it more lovingly together. The poet behaves quite differently towards his public—unless he is not really a poet but a disguised comedian, or preacher, or space-buyer.

Frankly, honest Public, I am not professionally interested in you at all, and expect nothing from you. Please give me no bouquets, and I will give you no signed photographs. That does not mean that I am altogether untouched by your kindness and sympathy, or that I dislike the money which two or three thousand of you invest in new volumes of my poems. All I mean is that the poems are not addressed directly to you, in the sense that the comedian's jokes are; though I do not in the least mind your reading my poems. Of course, I also write historical novels, and that is how I make a living. My original motive is usually to clear up some historical problem which has puzzled me, but I never forget that these novels have to support me and my large family. So I think of the average, intelligent, educated general reader, and try to hold his attention by writing as clearly and simply and unboringly as the subject permits. Money is tight these days, and I should think ill of myself unless I made the novels as lively as possible—just as the greengrocer or butcher prides himself on selling the freshest, tastiest produce available, and at a reasonable price. Here duty and self-interest go hand in hand; because once one tries to pass off bad stuff as good, the customer will shop elsewhere and advise his friends to do the same.

The Personal Letter

Towards my poetry-reading public I feel no such tenderness. By this I do not mean that I have stricter standards in prose than in poetry. On the contrary, poems are infinitely more difficult to write than prose, and my standards are correspondingly higher: if I re-write a line of prose five times, I re-write a line of verse fifteen times. The fact is, that I could never say to myself: 'Funds are low, I must write a dozen poems'. But I might well say: 'Funds are low, it's time I wrote another novel'. Novels are in the public domain, poems are not. I can make this last point clear by talking about important letters. Most of the important letters you write fall into two different categories. The first is the business letter—'Sir, I beg to advise you in reply to your communication of the fifth ultimo . . . '—written with an eye on office files. This sort of letter is in the public domain. But not the other sort, the personal letter beginning: 'Darling Mavis, when we kissed

goodbye last night . . . ' Or: 'Dear Captain Dingbat, you go to blazes!'—in each case written to convey a clear and passionate message, and without any thought for any libel suit or breach of promise action in which it may one day be produced as evidence against you. So with poems. We must distinguish those poems written with a careful eye to the public files from those written in private emotion. Of course, this comparison is not quite exact. Though some poems (for example, most of Shakespeare's sonnets) are in the love-letter category, and others (for example, a couple of the same sonnets) are in the 'You go to blazes!' category, yet in most cases the poet seems to be talking to himself, not either to his beloved or to his enemy.

Then, for whom does he write poems if not for a particular Mavis or Captain Dingbat? Don't think me fanciful when I say that he writes them for the Muse. 'The Muse' has become a popular joke. 'Ha, ha, my boy!' exclaims Dr. Whackem, the schoolmaster, when he finds a rude rhyme chalked on the blackboard. 'So you have been *wooing the Muse*, have you? Take that, and that, and that!' But in spite of Dr. Whackem, the Muse was once a powerful goddess. Poets worshipped her with as much awe as smiths felt for their god Vulcan; or soldiers for their god Mars. I grant that, by the time of Homer, the ancient cult of the Muse had been supplanted by the cult of the upstart Apollo, who claimed to be the god of poets. Nevertheless, both Homer's *Iliad* and Homer's *Odyssey* begin with a formal invocation to the Muse. When I say that a poet writes his poems for the Muse, I mean simply that he treats poetry with a single-minded devotion which may be called religious, and that he allows no other activity in which he takes part, whether concerned with his livelihood or with his social duties, to interfere with it. This has been my own rule since I was fourteen or fifteen years old, and has become second nature to me.

A Problem Clearly Stated

Poems should not be written, like novels, to entertain or instruct the public; or the less poems they. The pathology of poetic composition is no secret. A poet finds himself caught in some baffling emotional problem which is of such urgency that it sends him into a sort of trance. And in this trance his mind works with astonishing boldness and precision on several imaginative levels at once. The poem is either a practical answer to his problem, or else it is a clear statement of it; and a problem clearly stated is half-way to solution. Some poets are more plagued than others with emotional problems, and more conscientious in working out the poems which arise from them—that is to say, more attentive in their service to the Muse.

Poems have been compared to pearls. Pearls are the natural reaction of the oyster to some irritating piece of grit which has worked its way in between its valves; the grit gets smoothed over with layers of mother-of-pearl until it ceases to be a nuisance to the oyster. Poems have also been compared to honey. And the worker-bee is driven by some inner restlessness to gather and store honey all the summer long, until its wings are worn out, from pure devotion to the queen. Both bee and oyster, indeed, take so much trouble over their work that one finds in the geography books: 'The oysters of Tinnevely yield the most beautiful pearls on the Indian market', or: 'The bees of Hymettus produce the sweetest honey in the world'. From this it is only a step to the ridiculous assumption that the oyster is mainly concerned in satisfying the Bombay pearl merchants' love of beauty; and the bees in delighting gourmets at the world's most expensive restaurants. The same assumption, almost equally ridiculous, is made about poets.

Although we know that Shakespeare circulated a few of his less personal sonnets among his private friends, he is unlikely to have had any intention of publishing the remainder. It seems that a bookseller-publisher, one Thorp, bought the manuscript of the sonnets from the mysterious Mr. W. H., to whom they were addressed, and pirated the whole series. Nevertheless, a poem is seldom so personal that a small group of the poet's contemporaries cannot understand it; and if it has been written with the appropriate care—by which I mean that the

problem troubling him is stated as truly and economically and detachedly as possible—they are likely to admire the result. The poem might even supply the answer to a pressing problem of their own, because the poet is a human being, and so are they. And since he works out his own problems in the language which they happen to share, there is a somewhat closer sympathy between his public and himself, even though he does not write directly for it, than between the oyster and the oyster's public, or the bee and the bee's public.

A poet's public consists of those who happen to be close enough to him, in education and environment and imaginative vision, to be able to catch both the overtones and the undertones of his poetic statements. And unless he despises his fellow-men he will not deny them the pleasure of reading what he has written while inspired by the Muse, once it has served his purpose of self-information.

'Attempt to Keep Up with Fashion'

Young poets tend to be either ambitious, or anxious to keep up with fashion. Both these failings—failings only where poetry is concerned, because they are advantages in the business world and in most of the professions—encourage him to have designs on the public. The attempt to keep up with fashion will lead him to borrow the style of whatever poet is most highly approved at the time. I have known three generations of John Smiths. The type breeds true. John Smith II and III went to the same school, university, and learned professions as John Smith I. Yet John Smith I wrote pseudo-Swinburne; John Smith II wrote pseudo-Hopkins; and John Smith III is now writing pseudo-Eliot. But unless John Smith can write John Smith, however unfashionable the result, why does he bother to write at all? Surely one Tennyson, one Hopkins, or one Eliot is enough in any age?

Ambition has even worse results. The young poet will try to be original; he will begin to experiment: a great mistake. It is true that if an unusually difficult problem forces a poet into a poetic trance, he may find himself not only making personal variations on accepted verse forms but perhaps (as Shakespeare and Hardy did) coining new words. Yet innovation in this sense is not experiment. Experimental research is all very well for a scientist. He carries out a series of routine experiments in the properties (say) of some obscure metallic compound, and publishes the results in a scientific journal. But poetry cannot be called a science; science works on a calm intellectual level, with proper safeguards against imaginative freedom.

And what is all this nonsense about poetry not paying? Why should it pay? Especially when it is experimental in the illegitimate sense? Poets today complain far too much about the economic situation; they even expect the state to support them. What social function have they? They are neither scientists, nor entertainers, nor philosophers, nor preachers. Are they, then, 'unacknowledged legislators', as Shelley suggested? But how can unacknowledged legislators be publicly supported by the legislature itself? If a poet is obsessed by the Muse and privileged to satisfy her demands when he records his obsessions in poetry, this in itself should be sufficient reward. I doubt whether he should even bargain with the public, like Wee MacGregor (wasn't it?) with his school-friend: 'Gie me a bite of your apple, and I'll show you my sair thumb!' It always surprises me to find that my personal poems have a public at all; probably most of my readers buy them because of my novels—which I think is a very poor reason.

So much for the poet in his unjustified search for a public. Now about the public in its justified search for a poet. Public, the other day you sent me a one-man delegation in the person of a worthy, well-educated, intelligent, puzzled paterfamilias, who happened to be closely connected with the publishing trade. This is how he began: 'I must be getting old and stupid, Robert, but I can't really follow more than an occasional line of this modern poetry. I feel quite ashamed of myself in the presence of my boy Michael and his friends'.

I asked him to explain. 'Well', he said, 'when I was young and keen on modern painting I had a fight with my father because he couldn't appreciate Toulouse-Lautrec or the Douanier Rousseau. But now an important Toulouse-Lautrec fetches as much as a Botticelli; and if you own a Douanier Rousseau, you have to instal a burglar alarm ... Michael and his friends take the same line about Mr. X and Mr. Y; and so does everyone else at Cambridge. Mr. X's *Collected Poems* have recently sold 10,000 copies, and Mr. Y is regarded as the highest apple on the tree. All the critics can't be wrong'.

'Why can't all the critics be wrong?' I asked. 'If you mean the un-poets who set the Paris fashions. Who decides on this year's skirt-length? Not the women themselves, but one or two clever man-milliners

of the Rue de la Paix. Similar man-milliners control the fashions in poetry. There will always be a skirt-length ... And, as William Blake said, "in a Commercial Nation impostors are abroad in every profession". How do you know that twenty years hence Messrs. X and Y won't be as old-look as Humbert Wolfe and John Freeman, who were public idols twenty or thirty years ago?'

He said: 'Toulouse-Lautrec and Rousseau aren't old-look'. I pacified him by agreeing that it would take a lot to kill either; or, for that matter, Botticelli. Then he asked the question that you are all itching to ask me: 'How can you tell good poetry from bad?'

I said: 'How does one tell good fish from bad? Surely by the smell? Use your nose'.

He said: 'Yes, perhaps with practice one can tell the clumsy from the accomplished. But what about the real and the artificial?'

'Real fish will smell real, and artificial fish will have no smell at all'. He thought this rather too slick an answer, so I explained: 'If you prefer the painting metaphor, very well. The test of a painting is not what it looks like in an exhibition frame on varnishing day; the test is whether it can hang on the wall of your dining-room a year or two after you bought it without going dead on you. The test of a poem is whether you can re-read it with excitement three years after the critics tell you it's a masterpiece. Well, the skirt-length of fashion has wandered up and down the leg from heel to knee since I first read my elder contemporaries Thomas Hardy and William Davies, and Robert Frost; and my younger contemporaries Laura Riding, Norman Cameron, and James Reeves. They have all at times written below their best and none of them is in fashion now, but their best does not go dead on the wall'.

To conclude: the only demands that a poet can make from his public are that they treat him with consideration, and expect nothing from him; and do not make a public figure of him—but only, if they please, a secret friend. And may I take this opportunity for appealing to young poets: not to send me their poems for my opinion? If they are true poems, they will know themselves and not need me to say so; but if they are not, why bother to send them?—*Home Service*

Battersea at Night

The ludo traffic-lights adjust their sight,
Our car advances softly through the night.
I gaze out through the mists where bridges pass,
Their spider hands as delicate as glass,
Reaching across the river, laced with light.

But as I watch, the elves and fireworks die.
The power station looms, quick as a cry.
What quarrel left this smoking upturned table?
What giant storms out of his angry fable
To lurch against the dark enormous sky?

J. L. FULLER

The Sculptor

In a swirl of carven vesture
On pedestal or pediment
Stone against the sky they gesture,
Embodyings all of sentiment;

Anger sometimes, battle, riot,
Leaves these history-dolls intact,
Hollow, solid, weighty, quiet,
Each accepted like a fact;

Facing all ways with their stupid
Metal foreheads, marble eyes,
Naiads, martyrs, Lenin, Cupid,
Each has much to symbolise—

Much too much! I wish to fashion
A shelter from the oppressive norm,
One step beyond the reach of passion
One crystal, non-committal form.

WILLIAM PLOMER

The Ugly Bits

A plea for the study of the whole of the English landscape, by MICHAEL ROBBINS

IN his series of talks entitled 'The Anatomy of the English Countryside*', Dr. W. G. Hoskins brought a fresh outlook to a subject that is becoming rather hackneyed, and his clear exposition of many things about the country was admirable. I feel sure that everyone who listened to those talks must since, as a direct result, have looked at some familiar part of the country with new understanding and a new kind of satisfaction. The rural scene was illuminated for us.

But Dr. Hoskins did not go beyond a certain point in his talks. It

mise—to analyse—our countryside; and yet all the time what they seem to be doing is to say: Is this a pleasure to look at? or, Has some well-known author written about this scene? They are not really anatomising, by any stretch of the metaphor. If they were, they would be taking the whole English scene to pieces and explaining how each piece of it has come to look the way it does. But they have not done this. They are rhapsodising, picking on the nice-looking things, or the things with literary or sentimental associations, and leaving out all the rest. Their approach is aesthetic and literary. That is all very well; but there is much more to it than that. I want to know why the different features of the scene—the ordinary scene, in town or country—have come to take on the actual shapes I see now; and I count the gas-works as well as the manor house.

Obviously—unless you are a very unusual person—the gas-works does not give you the aesthetic pleasure you get from the manor house. But there is another kind of pleasure: that of understanding why all the places and things in the landscape look as they do, how they have come to be what they are. If you travel much about England you may as well cultivate both kinds of satisfaction. If you do not, you will spend much time being depressed by ugly things. I am not suggesting that you should cease to think them ugly; only that knowing why they are shaped as they are helps you to understand many things about our landscape, and our life too.

To put it shortly, I believe the anatomy of the landscape should take account of Harwell as well as Coalbrookdale; and the analyst should try his skill on the Surrey suburb as well as the Pilgrims' Way. The landscape is composed of all the features that emerge above the earth's surface, whether natural or man-made, attractive or ugly. The ugly bits deserve study, as well; and I think they repay attention.

We all know that industry has made an immense impact on our landscape; and yet, as far as I know, nobody has ever written systematically about its external



'Those well-known factory chimneys . . . not without a certain elegance of taper, and sometimes a finely moulded cap'

was clear from them that he detested the twentieth century and all its works—and I suspect that he might have thought much the same about whichever century he happened to be born into. Indeed, he implied, if he did not actually say, that after the canals had been constructed, about 1800, virtually nothing that has been built in the country was an improvement; in any case, he preferred not to discuss that part of the subject embraced in his title. He was, in fact, highly selective. Perhaps he had to be; but in those talks, at all events, he preferred to dwell on things that it is a pleasure to see. I could not help feeling, when his talks were over, in spite of great admiration for what they contained, that a great deal had deliberately been left out.

When I saw that Dr. J. D. Chambers was going to talk about the industrial landscape†, I supposed that someone else had felt something of the same kind, and that if I listened to that talk I should hear about the things left out in the earlier series. Up to a point, I did hear what I was hoping for; but I could not help feeling unsatisfied, all the same. 'The industrial landscape is not all so dreadful', is what Dr. Chambers said, in effect; 'the older parts like Belper and Coalbrookdale are really quite nice; and anyway you can generally get away easily from the industrial districts into real country'. And he concluded with some remarks about D. H. Lawrence and a specially bitter word for suburbs.

After that talk was finished, I went on thinking. 'Here are two serious historians', I said to myself, 'professing to anat-



'A house with a garden in a suburban road is for most people . . . an escape from a heavy burden of conformity and convention to something more individual and private'

* Printed in THE LISTENER: April 29, May 6, 13, 20, and 27

† Printed in THE LISTENER: August 12

aspect. (Why should anyone, indeed? It is what goes on inside that the experts are concerned with; and quite rightly, to them.) I suppose most people think vaguely of the factory chimney as the visible mark of industry on the landscape, though that is already an out-of-date notion. But how many different sorts of chimneys there are! Long, short, round, square—and you can be sure that they are different for good reasons. My impression of the textile district of Lancashire is that it abounds in tall, round chimneys. The builders must have been proud of them, because you often see patterns—sometimes a date, or initials—worked into the brickwork.

In other parts you find little, squat, square chimneys; I have noticed them especially (to go outside England for a moment) dotted about the East Lothian landscape, above the stationary steam engines on the farms. I imagine that the reason for the square plan, which is of course always used for house chimney-stacks, is that bricks are rectangular objects, and so it was a good deal easier for the ordinary local bricklayer to build a square chimney than a round one; and as it served its purpose perfectly well there was no need to attempt a round one, which is much more difficult and expensive. But when it came to providing chimneys for the engine-houses of mills and factories, the volume of smoke to be discharged was so much greater that it became essential to provide a chimney whose height and profile had been calculated as exactly as possible, and certainly with a circular section, for greater stability and to ensure the best possible upward draught.

Pride in the Chimney-stack

So those well-known factory chimneys came into being, not without a certain elegance of taper, and sometimes a finely moulded cap—but I must beware of talking about their looks too much, after what I have already said. It is only to show that the men who built them were proud of them—they often had their photographs taken in front of the patterned base of the chimney-stack; and the firm's notepaper or billheads nearly always carried a steel engraving displaying the works buildings, complete with great chimneys.

I mentioned bricks, in passing. Brick is used all over the country, even in the so-called stone belt, for buildings of all sorts. Sometimes it looks attractive, sometimes not; but everywhere the kinds of brick employed, the places they came from, their size, colour, and finish, and their characteristic bonding and patterning—all these things are intensely interesting in themselves and significant clues towards a full understanding of the landscape. In London, for example, you find principally the old London stock brick, of a warm, dark brown, flecked with pink and black, which was produced in immense numbers until late in the nineteenth century from nearby yards, mostly on the great Middlesex brick-earth belt which ran from Hammersmith across to near Uxbridge. In town it is often stuccoed over. There is a yellower brick, also, from Sittingbourne and north Kent, brought up the river Thames. There was a fashion about 130 years ago for 'white brick', especially for use in churches—it was often called 'Suffolk brick'; I think, though I am not at all certain about this, it may have come from Woolpit, near Bury St. Edmunds, where the flint in the soil gives a special glint to the surface of the brick.

Later, from the eighteen-fifties, one finds a nasty, soapy-looking, greenish-grey brick, especially in the northern districts, and this is, I believe, because it was made at the Three Counties works, between Hitchin and Biggleswade, and was brought up to London by the Great Northern Railway. You can see it in many of their suburban stations. As the nineteenth century went on, bricks of an assertive, beefy red became popular. The pinkish brick that is now commonly used for house building—not always for facings, but usually for most other work—is the hard Fletton type, from the enormous works in the South Midlands. Outside London, one sees a characteristic dull-red brick in the Midland counties, generally rather thicker than in the south of England; blue in Staffordshire; a peculiar kind of mauve brick just in and around the city of York, and so on. It would be a fascinating study, and most illuminating, to trace the reasons for the emergence of these different types of brick, and also of roof tiles. If this were done, it would throw much new light on the details of the English landscape, and the particular physical character of each area.

I digressed into speaking about bricks when I was saying something about factory chimneys. For years, more than a century, the chimney was the outward symbol of industry, the very quintessence of its impact on the landscape. But you will have noticed that this is becoming a thing of the past. The great chimney has had its day—the day of steam; now more and more machines are run by electric power, or from

diesel engines, and those giant chimneys, once so dominant in the landscape, are no longer wanted; and they are slowly coming down. This is only one example of something that is going on much more generally. Technical changes in power supply are having the effect of removing the taller features of the industrial landscape, and making the characteristic shape of all kinds of factories rather a long, low cube. The tall mill is already a historical object, built for the days before conveyer belts and electric power.

Out in the countryside, engine-driven pumps, usually installed at ground level and covered by a low shed, have replaced windmills. In the Fens, as in Holland, this characteristic feature of the scene has almost completely disappeared. If the drilling for oil now going on in England proves successful, and we begin to produce mineral oil, it is not likely that great derricks will be used, such as we see in pictures of oilfields overseas. Instead, a compact little motor and pump will work away, almost concealed by a few bushes in the middle of an agricultural landscape.

Again, the pottery kiln is changing. As you travel through the north Staffordshire potteries, you can see scores of those brick-built kilns shaped like fat, squat bottles which have set their mark on the whole district. But new kilns are not that shape; they are great horizontal ovens, and they do not at once proclaim to the passer-by what they are. In steelworks, too, the old blast furnace surmounted by a narrow pyramid of flame—a fearfully uneconomical way to dispose of the waste gases—began to be replaced some seventy or eighty years ago by an enclosed furnace of entirely different shape. And to take a much more modest example, the semaphore railway signal, a board high up on a wooden post so that the engine driver can see it outlined against the sky, is being replaced as time goes on by an electric light on a short post, at his eye level.

In all these ways, striking and characteristic features of the scene are giving way to lower or less-differentiated shapes which do not impose themselves on the landscape in the same proud way. But not all development is in that direction. Take electricity generating stations, for instance. They require massive buildings, pretty high to house the generating sets, with their attendant cooling towers to lower the temperature of the water from the condensers. At first, these towers were rectangular in plan, covered with wooden slats; then they were built of concrete, still high, with a coned, concave outline; now they are not always coned. Radio stations break the skyline, to the distress of some people, with their masts; and the oil refineries built since the war have their own particular shapes, dominated by the tall pipe with a flame spurting from the top. The naked flame of Fawley, at the foot of Southampton Water, is a new feature in many views across the Isle of Wight.

Constant Developments and Variations

What I am trying to say by means of these examples is that the industrial scene undergoes constant developments and variations as techniques advance; and if you know something about them you know something more about the English landscape. And now that farming is a mechanised industry, with its silos and tractors, the old distinction between rural and industrial areas is wearing a bit thin. I am not sure that the dividing line was ever quite as easy to perceive as writers have made out. If you travel in Northamptonshire, for instance, you come on villages in the centre of the county where one or two factories have been at work for many years. Again, Suffolk is not generally called an industrial county, but at Ipswich and Stowmarket and other places engineering industries were going on right through the nineteenth century. And in this century electric power and mechanical transport by road have largely removed the limitations which used to confine many industries within certain well-defined areas. Industries and people are much more mobile than they were, and the result is that town and country life are not nearly so sharply distinguished as they were fifty years ago; and one of the things that has happened in this process is an immense expansion of that kind of settlement that we call suburban.

I do not know for certain why it is that writers and lecturers, with scarcely an exception, decline to talk about suburbs and the suburban scene. If by chance they do speak of them, they usually dismiss them with contempt, as if suburban meant much the same as sub-human. This attitude seems to me to be based on a simple error of fact: it seems to be assumed that no one lives in a suburb from choice, but only because he cannot live anywhere else. I think this is wrong.

(continued on page 725)

A Great Theatrical Management

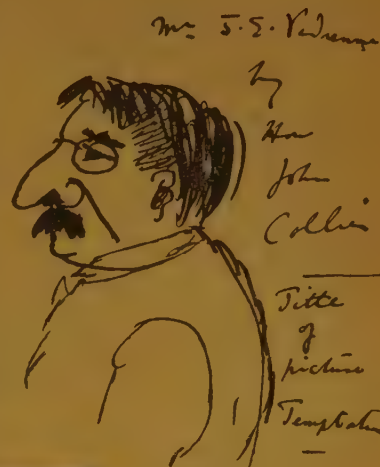
HESKETH PEARSON on Granville Barker and J. E. Vedrenne at the Court Theatre

FIFTY years ago there began at the Court Theatre, London, the most noteworthy theatrical enterprise in the history of the British drama since Shakespeare and Burbage opened the Globe Theatre on Bankside. It practically started the repertory movement in Great Britain, and it established the fame of Bernard Shaw as a playwright.

Before that date Shaw had to depend on the Stage Society, which produced plays that no commercial manager would look at, giving two performances only of whatever work appealed to them. Already the Stage Society had put on Shaw's 'Candida', with a young man named Granville Barker in the part of the poet; and when the manager of the Court Theatre, J. E. Vedrenne, asked Barker to help with a Shakespearean revival, Barker agreed on condition that half a dozen *matinées* of 'Candida' should also be given there. The *matinées* were successful; the author received £30; and the Vedrenne-Barker management began operations at the Court Theatre on October 18, 1904.

The two men were about as dissimilar in temperament and outlook as two human beings could be. Vedrenne was a business man, who simply wanted to make money out of the theatre. Barker was an artist, who merely wanted to spend money on the higher drama. Vedrenne would sit in his office groaning when a play was doing badly, beaming when it was doing well, and wondering whether he could save a few shillings here, a few pounds there, by reducing the salary list or hiring cheaper furniture for the stage. I once heard him say, 'Shaw's all right. People pay to hear him talk'. And it

for short periods, four to six weeks, and revived at intervals when they showed signs of life. Unfortunately the only really successful playwright was Shaw, a fact that impressed Vedrenne so much that he once told Arnold Bennett he had paid Shaw £4,000 a year in royalties. When I drew Shaw's attention to this, he assured me that Vedrenne's imagination was restricted to figures. 'Wild nonsense!' he exclaimed: '£4,000 a year means £77 a week. If the theatre had been crammed to capacity every night, and no plays but



J. E. Vedrenne: a drawing made on an envelope by the Hon. John Collier, c. 1911



The death scene in 'The Doctor's Dilemma' at the Court Theatre in 1906. In the centre are Harley Granville Barker as Dubedat and Lillah McCarthy as Mrs. Dubedat; second from left, James Hearn as Cutler Walpole; extreme right, Eric Lewis as Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington

upset him when one of Shaw's plays was taken off while playing to full houses solely because Barker, ready with a new production, spoke contemptuously of 'the strangling effects of that boa-constrictor, the long run'. Vedrenne liked boa-constrictors, and wished to squeeze every penny out of a successful play by running it to death.

The plays at the Court were put on

Box'; while Maurice Hewlett, Laurence Housman, St. John Hankin, John Masefield, and Barker himself had their first chances as playwrights at the Court. In Shaw's view the highest achievement of the management was the production of Gilbert Murray's translations of three plays by Euripides, which influenced Shaw to write his conversation-pieces, 'Getting Married' and 'Misalliance'.

Barker produced all the plays except those of Shaw, who produced his own, and the modern school of what is called natural acting was initiated by Barker, who not only under-acted himself but made his players under-act. This method was successful in works of a domestic, realistic nature, when the audiences had the illusion that they were sharers, not spectators, of the drama. But the plays of Shaw, like those of Shakespeare, demand flamboyant acting, and here Barker's method failed. His Tanner in 'Man and Superman' was inferior to that of John Clements in a recent revival, and his Valentine in 'You Never Can Tell' was surpassed by the latest interpreter, James Donald. The great thing about the Court Theatre, however, was the all-round excellence of the acting; there were no 'stars': the cast was a team. I remember a story that Barker used to tell. He was down with influenza and could not play Tanner for a night or two. A notice to this effect was pinned above the pay-box at the entrance to the pit, and a playgoer



Louis Calvert (left) as Undershaft, and Harley Granville Barker as Cusins in 'Major Barbara' at the Court Theatre in 1905

asked what it meant. 'It means', said the official, 'that Mr. Barker will not be playing the part of John Tanner this evening'. 'Who is Mr. Barker?' asked the playgoer. 'The actor who usually plays John Tanner', he was told. 'But I suppose somebody will play it?' 'Oh, yes, the part will certainly be played'. 'Then take my half-crown, young man, and don't make such a fuss'. That was the spirit in which people went to the Court Theatre: they went to see a play, not a favourite actor or actress; and although it would scarcely be correct to say that Shaw's comedies were performed in an atmosphere of solemn reverence, it is broadly true to say that the public took the business seriously, and more resembled a religious congregation than a theatre audience.

'Major Barbara'

At one time the house was peppered with salvationists. This was during the run of 'Major Barbara'. I could not understand how it came about that members of the Salvation Army, many of whom regarded the theatre in those days as a place of sin, were easily persuaded to visit the Court when a play dealing with their movement was being performed. Shaw explained to me how it was done: 'You see, we took the precaution to consult their headquarters about the uniforms. This aroused their interest and sympathy, for no one can resist the flattery of being asked for advice. The presence of leading officials as our guests in a box on the first night sanctioned the undertaking, and the Army was with us to a man; better still, to a woman. Incidentally', continued Shaw, 'the Censor at first refused to license the play'. 'Why? Because of the Salvation Army?' I asked. 'Good heavens, no! He didn't care a rap for the feelings of the Salvation Army. It was the phrase "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" that frightened him. He asked whether they were the last words of Christ on the cross. Barker assured him that they were in the Psalms. He then gave in'.

As Shaw's plays called for declamatory Shakespearean acting, he had a difficult job in training the actors to perform modern parts in a Shakespearean way; but all the other plays were rehearsed by Barker in his own quiet, familiar, fastidious manner. He expected actors to think about their parts, to grow into them gradually, not merely to learn the words and do the correct gestures. With this in view he would suggest all sorts of apparently irrelevant ideas. I heard him ask one actor whether he had any conception of the past history of the character he was attempting to portray. The actor could make nothing of this and remained mute. 'Come, come', said Barker encouragingly, 'you are not, I hope, going to tell me that the fellow drops from the skies, ready-made, at the moment you walk on the stage?' The actor had no comment to make, and Barker then provided a brief biography of the character in the play, from which it appeared, among other things, that his childhood had been unhappy, that his father had been an enthusiastic golfer, that part of his life had been spent at an unhealthy spot on the coast of South America, and that his favourite author was Balzac. This sort of thing was done by Barker merely to stimulate the imaginations of his actors, with the result that his productions conveyed a sense of intimacy and naturalness that was new to the stage.

The thing that really put the Court Theatre on its financial feet was the presence of the Prime Minister, Balfour, who witnessed 'John Bull's Other Island' four times, taking the Leaders of the Opposition, Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, on two occasions. The rest of the Cabinet could not keep away, and even King Edward VII followed the fashion. A Command Performance was given; a special suite of furniture was hired for the Royal Box, and the King laughed with such abandonment that he broke the chair on which he sat. Shaw told me that Vedrenne 'wished to charge the damage to the Lord Chamberlain's office, but we persuaded him to pay it out of the increased profits that would accrue from the monarch's mirth'.

Barker, by the way, was very good in Shaw's quieter parts, and I was enormously impressed by his Dubedat in 'The Doctor's Dilemma'. One eminent critic had betted that Shaw could not write an effective death-scene. Shaw did it, and Barker played it so well that the critics felt thoroughly uncomfortable until their feelings were released over the riotous fun that followed it. But the critics did their best to belittle the Court Theatre productions from the start. With the notable exceptions of Max Beerbohm and one or two others, they received every play as if it had been specially written to annoy or shock them. They had been used to dramas that dealt with murder, adultery, and artificial theatrical situations; their intelligences had become numbed; and they could not respond to anything novel. We have seen the same thing

happen lately in the case of a modern dramatist, John Whiting, whose plays are different from those to which the critics are accustomed. One of the best critics of Shaw's time, William Archer, used to go to sleep during the greater part of most of the plays he was compelled to witness.

Shaw noticed one odd thing about the dramatic critics: they always praised his last play but one. This meant that they praised only what had become an established success. In talking the matter over with me some years later, Shaw said:

'My first new play to be done at the Court was "John Bull's Other Island". The critics denounced it as no play at all and said that the actors did their best with impossible parts. Then came "Man and Superman". This was voted dull and uninspired compared with its predecessor. "Major Barbara" followed, and the critics promptly burst into raptures over "Man and Superman". But "Major Barbara" was duly described as a masterpiece when its successor "The Doctor's Dilemma" was dismissed as a feeble joke in bad taste. So I seized the first opportunity to make a speech at a public dinner at which all the leading dramatic critics were present. "I want to make a suggestion to the press", I said. "I don't ask you to stop abusing me. It gives you so much pleasure to say that my plays are no plays and that my characters are not human beings that I would not deprive you of it for worlds. But for the sake of Vedrenne and Barker, not to mention the actors, may I beg you to reverse the order of your curses and caresses? Instead of saying that my latest play is piffle, the one before it brilliant, why not acclaim the latest as a masterpiece compared with the disgusting drivel I had the impertinence to serve up last time? That will satisfy you and assist us. In short, don't heave bricks at us while we are struggling in the water and then load us with lifebelts when we have reached dry land'.

I asked Shaw whether the critics had changed their tactics as a result of his suggestion. 'Yes', he replied, 'but not quite on the lines I proposed. After we had finished at the Court in 1907, Vedrenne and Barker, flushed with success, took the Savoy Theatre and presented "Caesar and Cleopatra", "The Devil's Disciple" and "Arms and the Man". All three were treated by the press as if they were the libretti of light opera, and no reference whatever was made to the one-time brilliance of the Court Theatre propagandist'.

It was a pity that the Vedrenne-Barker management ever left the Court Theatre, where, though their success was on a modest scale, the work they did had an unparalleled effect on public taste and dramatic art. But Vedrenne wanted to make more money, and Barker's ambition was to reach a wider public by producing plays for which the stage at the Court was too small. Their past achievement seems to have gone to their heads, because they not only took the Savoy but also the Haymarket for Shaw's new play, 'Getting Married' and another theatre for a play by Laurence Housman. Three west-end theatre rents brought them to the verge of ruin. Shaw and Barker could not let their unidealistic manager down, and shouldered the responsibility. 'Vedrenne got out with nothing but a reputation', Shaw told me; 'Barker had to pawn his clothes, and I disgorged most of my royalties; but the creditors were paid in full'.—*Home Service*

In *My Dear America* (Arthur Baker, 12s. 6d.) Alan Dent, the dramatic critic of the *News Chronicle*, prints the journal he kept during his first visit to the United States and Canada, where he saw a number of plays and films and met many well-known figures from the world of stage, screen, and literature.

The *Partial View* by W. Somerset Maugham (Heinemann, 15s.) contains *The Summing Up* and *A Writer's Notebook*, together with a preface by the author. The volume is uniform with the recently published collection of Mr. Maugham's stories, plays and novels.

THE LISTENER next week

will contain the text, published for the first time in English,

of the 'lost' scene from Oscar Wilde's

'The Importance of Being Earnest'

(broadcast in the Home Service on October 27)

Chekhov through Soviet Eyes

By RONALD HINGLEY

THE present moment seems an apt one to discuss the treatment of Chekhov in Soviet criticism. This year, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of his death, has seen the appearance in all leading Soviet publications of numerous articles on Chekhov which make it clear that the official attitude has now crystallised into a rigid doctrine. A study of this doctrine, and of its origins in earlier Soviet criticism of Chekhov, is valuable for what it shows us of the methods of 'processing' pre-revolutionary Russian authors for Soviet readers. On this subject not very much information is available in English. But it should also not be forgotten that much Soviet criticism of Chekhov can, if properly used, make a real contribution to the understanding of his life and work.

'Poet of Labour'

It is characteristic of Soviet conditions that the anniversary articles on Chekhov are almost identical in content, despite the fact that they bear the signatures of different authors. They almost all make more or less the same points in the same order, use the same quotations, and often actually employ identical phraseology. Most of them begin by stressing Chekhov's role as a satirist of the Tsarist social and political system, calling him a 'ruthless unmasker' and 'merciless castigator' of the landowning class and bourgeoisie. They go on to speak of his attitude to work, describing him as a 'poet of labour' who 'revealed the inner beauty of the ordinary working man'. They also claim him as a great optimist, speaking of his 'faith in humanity', and, above all, they emphasise his love of Russia and his appreciation of the essential goodness of Russians.

These anniversary articles are the manifestation not of a new departure in Soviet criticism of Chekhov but rather of a further hardening of the arteries. They represent a traditional approach, which has been worked out in a dozen or more Soviet biographies and critical studies, published during the past twenty-five years. The articles therefore have behind them a weight of documentation, and when they speak of Chekhov's love of the working man or hatred of Tsarism we may be sure that their authors would have plenty to say in their own defence if they should ever be challenged on these points.

Personally, I do not propose to challenge them. The weight of the evidence seems to me to be on their side. There is no doubt, on balance, that Chekhov did disapprove of Tsarist political and social conditions, that he worked hard himself and, on the whole, respected other people who did the same. That he was in a sense a Russian patriot with a keen liking for his fellow-countrymen also seems to me to be beyond dispute. Moreover, he undoubtedly was a person of cheerful disposition. I do, however, part company with Soviet critics in believing that these were not necessarily the most important things about Chekhov, so important that it is necessary to have them, as it were, blared at us through massed megaphones. Moreover, without wishing to appear *blasé*, I must admit that I find it difficult to take seriously phrases like 'faith in humanity', 'poet of beauty and happiness' and 'champion of truth'. What is more to the point, phrases of this kind—which were already appearing in the work of contemporary critics—regularly aroused exasperation in Chekhov himself.

It also seems to me that the recent Soviet approach to Chekhov tends to degrade him by implying that he was not the highly complex, subtle and normally inconsistent person which he in fact was, but a sort of unicellular organism which could be relied upon to act in a predictable way to a small number of prescribed stimuli; as if one merely had to feed in the word 'Russia' or 'freedom' to make this amoeba-like automaton swell with approbation, while the contrary stimuli 'bourgeoisie' or 'Tsarism' could be depended upon to make it turn black with rage.

This extreme attitude, characteristic of the most recent Soviet 'line' on Chekhov, tends to provide material of interest to the sociologist rather than to the literary historian. But, fortunately, it is not by any means possible to dismiss the whole body of Soviet work on Chekhov as being no more valuable than these examples suggest. For one thing, an

enormous amount of solid work has been done on the text of Chekhov's writings, which has presented various peculiar problems. The new complete Russian critical edition of his works and letters is a monument of research which completely supersedes previous editions. New material relating to Chekhov's biography is constantly coming to light, including letters, memoirs and other documents, and such material is given full publicity. With regard to general biographical and critical works, a number of interesting studies have been published, especially during the nineteen-thirties. These were on the whole stronger on the biographical than on the critical side, but on both they were extremely valuable—notably the books of Sobolev and Derman. The rather poverty-stricken English material on Chekhov had certainly nothing to compare with them at the time. It is true that Soviet critics of Chekhov have always conformed, as was inevitable, with a convention which seems to us unnecessary and tiresome, of interlarding their work with quotations from Lenin and Stalin; but in some cases one has the impression that these were merely concessions to etiquette, not intended to be taken entirely seriously.

Among minor interesting items on Chekhov it is pleasant to note an article by the scholar Morozov on Chekhov's reputation in England, in which the reactions to Chekhov's work of English critics and reviewers are discussed. This article shows a degree of friendliness and knowledge of the subject which makes it agreeable reading. Morozov claims that in England Chekhov is regarded as the greatest of all Russian writers, but suggests that he has not been entirely understood, and that Soviet critics might help us to understand him better.

Subsequent developments have not favoured this prophecy. Soviet interpretations of Chekhov can scarcely be said to have impinged very forcibly on the British public. But we do seem to be arriving, more or less by our own devices, at a more realistic assessment, and one which has moved along lines not altogether unsympathetic to certain aspects of criticism in Russia. In particular, we no longer seem disposed to stress the morbid and pessimistic elements in Chekhov's writings, or to apply to him such descriptions as 'a wise observer with a wistful smile and an aching heart'. Soviet critics long ago decided that Chekhov was an optimist, some of them apparently on the basis of a characteristic syllogism of their own, which runs as follows:

Chekhov is a good thing.
Optimism is a good thing.
Therefore Chekhov was an optimist.

However, the more sober of them have argued the case for Chekhov's optimism with ability and conviction, and there was a time when such a corrective was needed here. In the last resort, of course, it is an error to imply that the question, 'Was Chekhov an optimist?' must necessarily be answered with a resounding 'yes' or 'no'.

'Human Dynamo'

However this may be, the present depressing level of Soviet criticism of Chekhov is something relatively new, dating from about 1945. Somewhere round this time the feeling seems to have arisen in the Soviet Union that the full ideological juice was not being squeezed out of Chekhov, and a number of enthusiasts have rushed to make good the deficiency. One of the first of these apologists was Korney Chukovsky. On Chukovsky's pages Chekhov appears as what journalists call a 'human dynamo'; he emerges as a Slavonic superman, vital, zestful, tireless, effervescent and masterful. Chukovsky speaks of Chekhov's 'positive, dynamic, inexhaustively active nature that said "yes" to life so emphatically', and contrives to suggest that he was the sort of person who in England would have been happiest leading community singing in a holiday camp.

In the same tradition, but on a much more elaborate scale, has been the work of another interpreter, Yermilov, whose complete capture of Chekhov criticism was eventually signalled by the award of a Stalin Prize (second class) and who may be regarded as the main architect of the present official line on Chekhov. Yermilov's triumph has marked a

(continued on page 720)

NEWS DIARY

October 20-26

Wednesday, October 20

Court set up by Minister of Labour to enquire into London dock dispute holds first meeting. Strike spreads to Hull and Southampton

London bus strike ends

The Queen confers a knighthood on Mr. Anthony Eden and invests him with the insignia of a Knight Companion of the Garter

The Foreign Ministers of the three Western Powers and of Federal Germany begin meetings in Paris on arrangements for restoring west German sovereignty

Thursday, October 21

Foreign Ministers of nine powers meeting in Paris agree to expansion of Brussels Treaty Organisation to include west Germany and Italy

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother leaves for tour of the U.S.A. and Canada

Friday, October 22

Council of North Atlantic Treaty Organisation in Paris agrees to admit the Federal German Republic

M. Mendès-France and Dr. Adenauer discuss the problem of the Saar

The Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, appeals to dockers to return to work

Saturday, October 23

Agreements signed in Paris restoring west Germany's sovereignty; admitting her to Nato; and settling the Franco-German dispute over the Saar

Russia, in new Note to Western Powers, proposes four-Power conference to discuss reunification of Germany and withdrawal of occupation troops

Sunday, October 24

Mr. Deakin, Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, urges members taking part in dock strike to return to work. At a mass meeting in London, more than 5,000 dockers vote to stay out

Governor-General of Pakistan declares a state of emergency. Prime Minister reforms his Cabinet

United Nations Day celebrated throughout the world

Monday, October 25

Terms of Franco-German agreement on the Saar published

Sir Anthony Eden tells Commons that western unity has been 'massively reinforced' by agreements signed in Paris

Tuesday, October 26

Minister of Labour tells Parliament that Court of Enquiry into dock strike is to publish interim report

Crowds in Trieste celebrate return of zone A to Italy

Cuts in Ministerial salaries to be restored from November 1



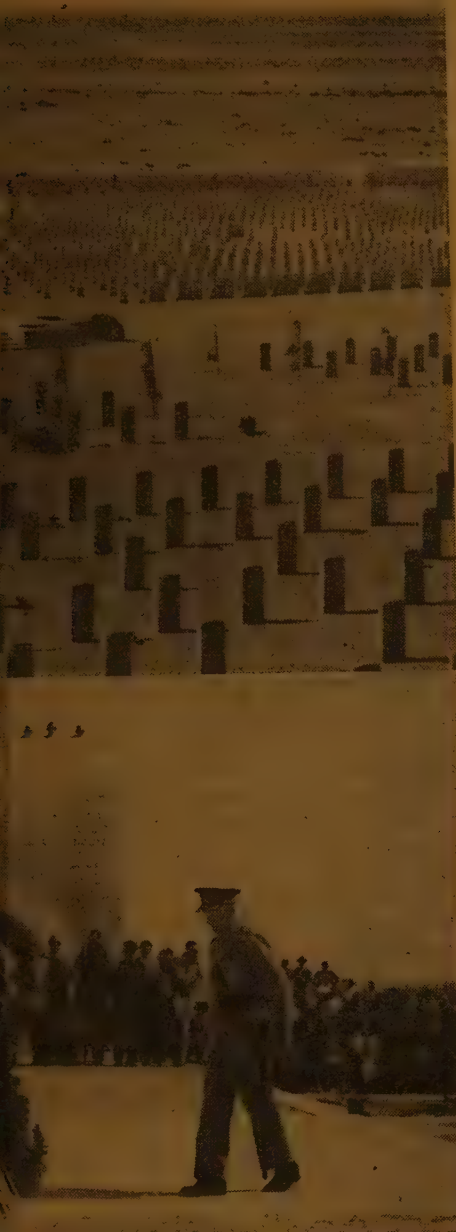
The Alamein Memorial in the Western Desert which was unveiled by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery on October 24, the twelfth anniversary of the start of the battle which turned the tide of the second world war. The memorial, which consists of a long, low, white stone cloister and forms the main entrance to the Alamein cemetery, bears the names of 11,945 officers and men of the Commonwealth forces who lost their lives on the whole Middle East front and have no known grave. Inset: Field-Marshal Montgomery laying a wreath during the ceremony, which was attended by many hundred relatives of the fallen



Lieutenant-Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, photographed last week as he stood on a window sill of the government buildings in Cairo to receive the acclamation of the crowd following the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the future of the Suez Canal base and the evacuation of Egypt by British forces. During a subsequent speech in Alexandria shots were fired at Lieutenant-Colonel Nasser but he was not hurt. Four men were arrested



Her Majesty the Queen and her children at play in a nursery



After four days of negotiations and discussions, agreements were signed in Paris last Saturday which restored sovereignty to Germany, admitted her to Nato, and settled the Saar dispute. This photograph shows (left to right): Dr. Adenauer, Mr. Dulles, M. Mendès-France, and Sir Anthony Eden during the signing of the agreement ending the occupation of western Germany



Lord Kilmuir of Creich (formerly Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary), who has succeeded Lord Simonds as Lord Chancellor, photographed in his robes of office after he had been sworn in on October 19



Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, Prime Minister of Japan, who visited London last week during his tour of European capitals, photographed with Mr. Attlee and Mr. Winthrop Aldrich (the American Ambassador in London) at a reception at the Japanese Embassy on October 22. H.M. the Queen received Mr. Yoshida at Buckingham Palace on October 26



Highness the Duke of Edinburgh watching at Rochdale during their two-day tour of last week



Dunsland House, north Devon, an almost untouched example of seventeenth-century architecture, which has been acquired by the National Trust. The north wing (seen on the right) was added c. 1680 and contains nine rooms, all with heavily moulded ceilings, and several with contemporary panelling still retaining its original elaborate paintwork

(continued from page 717)

definite step forward in the transformation of Chekhov into a figure of folk myth. However, the contents of Yermilov's books and articles are certainly not such as to curdle anybody's blood. On the contrary, much of what he says would not sound at all out of place in the mouth of a distinguished visitor at a school Speech Day, since his main theme is the recommendation of various worthy, but not very exciting, qualities of character, such as persistence, truthfulness, responsibility and consideration for others. What he has in fact given us is a series of sermons in which Chekhov's achievement is held up to the young for admiration and imitation.

At first sight, it might be thought that Yermilov could scarcely have found a more unpromising source than Chekhov for the quarrying of morally uplifting texts. An unwillingness to preach or to foist his opinions on others was one of the most obvious features of Chekhov's mature character. However, for the purpose of Yermilov's thesis it was fortunate that Chekhov possessed two elder brothers, who failed to make use of their considerable artistic talents, and wasted a lot of time at student parties when they might have been working and helping to support the family. Fortunately again for Yermilov, Chekhov, who had not yet attained the outstandingly detached and tolerant attitude of his maturity, co-operated at the age of twenty-six by sending to his brother Nicholas a lengthy address on the virtues of truthfulness and sobriety. Yermilov is not the only Soviet commentator who has noticed with approval this rather heavy-handed and quite uncharacteristic moral homily. But it was left to Yermilov to treat it as a piece of divine revelation, almost, one is tempted to say, a Sermon on the Mount. 'This letter', he concludes his exegesis,

represents a true fountain of wisdom. Let us read and penetrate it! Does it contain one single word incapable of application to our own times and to our own young people?

Consistent with this approach are the hallowed tones in which Yermilov and his imitators speak of Chekhov's famous journey across Siberia to the penal settlement on Sakhalin, as if they were haranguing some Bible Society about the exploits of an intrepid missionary evangelist. And in keeping also are such preposterous claims about Chekhov as that he 'never complained or grumbled'. Though Chekhov was an unusually high-spirited person, a mere glance at his correspondence is enough to show that if he ever felt depressed or irritated he no more hesitated to say so than any other normal human being.

Besides imparting this thick coating of devotional unction to his portrait of Chekhov, Yermilov also intensified considerably the insistence on Chekhov as a satirist of Tsarism, great optimist, lover of truth and Russians—features which other interpreters had already pointed out in less strident terms. The whole thesis is supported with prolific quotations from Chekhov's works, an accepted rule of the game being that any remark made by a fictional character may be regarded, if convenient, as expressing Chekhov's own views. Use is also made of Chekhov's very large published correspondence, consisting of letters written on all occasions and in moods and conditions ranging from gay,

irresponsible, or flippant, to bored, tired, or intoxicated. So large and varied is this material, taken together with the available memoirs, that, by judicious selection of quotations, it could be used to prove almost any preconceived thesis. It could be (and indeed it has been) used to prove that Chekhov was a conservative or a socialist, an optimist or a pessimist. With sufficient ingenuity it might no doubt even be used to prove that he thought that the earth was flat, or that he ate peas with a knife.

Incidentally, proof by quotation could become a double-edged weapon when applied to Chekhov. Soviet critics have diligently searched his writings for specimens of what they believe to have been prophetic insight; for instance, these lines (from a short story):

Life in fifty years' time will be good and the only pity is that we shall not live to see it.

And they may perhaps be forgiven for quoting with relish a remarkable passage from 'Three Sisters', which reads as if it might almost have been commissioned by a Soviet Minister of Culture:

An avalanche is moving down on us all. There is brewing up a mighty, health-giving storm. It is on the move, it is already near at hand, and it will sweep all laziness, indifference, distaste for work, and rotten boredom out of society. I shall work and in another twenty-five or thirty years everyone will have to work.

Soviet critics use quotations like this to suggest that Chekhov would, had he lived longer, have developed into an enthusiastic supporter of the present regime in Russia. But these same critics would be the first to protest if their political opponents should ever decide to retaliate in kind. Equally effective brick-bats could be tossed back in the shape of other remarks by Chekhov, equally out of context. There is, for example, his prediction that Russia would one day be ruled by such 'toads and crocodiles' as were never dreamed of even at the time of the Spanish Inquisition. The truth is that these quotation-missiles have rarely any relevance to the elucidation of Chekhov.

This, then, is the background against which the recent Soviet anniversary articles on Chekhov have been written. It is interesting to note that their authors have taken over, in addition to Yermilov's general line, the evangelical tone which is such an outstanding feature of his work. Thus, several contributors to *Pravda*, while not actually mentioning any Second Coming, assure us that Chekhov is 'still with us', and is 'helping us to build a new and free life'. Others even seem to be indicating that he is somewhere watching the human race and willing it to ban the hydrogen bomb on Soviet terms.

One cannot help hoping that the present extremist Soviet line on Chekhov will one day be succeeded by something a little more dignified. In the meantime one may be grateful for earlier and less distorted interpretations, and it is pleasant to reflect that the ordinary Soviet reader and theatre-goer, from available evidence, has become more of a Chekhov enthusiast than ever before. And, fortunately, it is likely that the works of Chekhov are still very much more widely read in the Soviet Union than are Yermilov's explanations of them.

—Third Programme

Seasoning, Herbs, and Wisdom with Wines

By ISABELLE VISCHER

FOR those who have not lost the subtler pleasures of tasting, the words seasoning, herbs, and wine conjure up—as they do for me—a vista of endless possibilities, surprises, and delights, and it is entertaining to compare ideas, discoveries, and adventures in that domain. Stews—an ugly word for something which can be very good—in the first place can be made or marred by seasoning, or by its absence. Soups and sauces take perhaps second place and meat pâtés third, but many may disagree with this order of precedence.

It would be amusing to know how many cooks rub the inside of a fowl with pepper and salt before cooking. Again, how many know that the real Sauce Hollandaise should contain a dominating proportion of ground cloves when served as a pure Hollandaise, so as to be of a golden amber colour? Sugar added to so-called savoury dishes, and salt in sweet dishes, is one of the fundamental secrets and, I may say, mysteries, in the chemistry of cooking. They set each other off. It took

me a long time to make this rather baffling discovery. In the United States they have certainly dived into that question—as a matter of fact a little too deeply—and although successfully in some cases, as with ham, for instance, it is frankly disastrous in others. This business of seasoning is one which, above all, seems to require what the French call *le sens de la mesure*, and the unfailing instinct of the born artist.

Now that we have again the whole scale of spices at our disposal—Nepal pepper, saffron, mace, cummin, coriander, and so many others—we can let ourselves go, and I venture to give you two or three tips which may be found pleasing and helpful. For fish, shell-fish, and in particular for scampis, roll the pieces first in a mixture of salt, sugar, red pepper, and some freshly ground black or white pepper, with, of course the admixture of flour when required. This is chiefly important when frying. I am not speaking for those who have the advantage of

obtaining fish straight out of the sea. This treatment, wisely applied, brings back to a certain extent the sea-flavour.

Sauté potatoes, or those sliced over a hot-pot, can be greatly improved by the addition of a pinch or two of ground caraway seed, except for those who definitely dislike that flavour. The same applies to sliced beetroot salad; but, for that, whole caraway seed is better. When boiling a chicken in the pressure-cooker, put in a little sugar and a daring amount of cayenne and Nepal pepper, as well as salt: it will produce a curiously glowing broth, far better than the chicken itself. Sugar should go into any stew, together with every sort of combination of spices, but in minute proportions and judiciously chosen, if the stew is to be exciting.

Sweet Basil for Stews

And now herbs . . . For stews, again, an essential herb, often omitted, is sweet basil. It is excellent, dried. This wonderful herb improves many a dish. Sorrel makes a delicious stuffing with bream or even sole. It can, if liked, be mixed with spinach, and the two blended with a drop of Béchamel or cream. Nignon gives what he calls a *fricandeau* of salmon with sorrel. (Between ourselves that means a nice piece of middle-cut.) Fennel, that lovely herb like mermaid's hair, also goes well with fish. For green salads, I advocate the quartet: parsley, chervil, chives, and mint. To spearmint, I add, when available, a leaf or two of applemint. When I discovered the magic of applemint, I fell into the usual pitfall of exaggeration, the most fatal mistake with spices and herbs. This produced a distinctly soapy taste. My son, who has a vivid and discerning palate, noticed it instantly and said: 'Why must you put salad-cream into your salad-dressing, it tastes of soap!' Apologies to salad-cream; it was the applemint. If indiscriminately used, it becomes arrogant and vulgar.

Parsley, chervil, and mint make, of course, excellent sandwiches. No salt is required, or very little, the salt is very evident in the herbs. Winter and summer savory are the companions of broad beans and other beans; dill, of cucumber and gherkins; thyme, of rabbit and game in general. A young pigeon or a partridge roasted and allowed to get cold, wrapped up in thyme, is most agreeable. It is almost superfluous here to mention marjoram or origany. Its name, which seems to be that of a pretty girl, comes from the Greek, and means 'joy of the mountain'.

What else do we find in that fascinating corner, the herb-garden? Ah, yes: tarragon. French tarragon has much more flavour than English tarragon. I keep it for the winter, when there are no fresh herbs, for it seems to reach its full flavour only when dried. I rub it well between my fingers over salads, sauces, and soups. It is, as we all know, exceptionally good with chicken and, when fresh, makes a lovely dish arranged over hard-boiled eggs in aspic. While other herbs set each other off, tarragon is more of a solitary nature and generally likes to assert itself on its own. I cannot subscribe to the English cook's classical, self-understood, and unquestioned addition of mint to new potatoes and peas. Once in a while, yes—but always, no. The nutty taste of new potatoes and the sugary sweetness of young peas are overpowered and disappear. It is like the thumping of a loud piano to a violin.

Then there is sage. That immediately conjures up sage and onion stuffing, sold horribly 'ready-made' in boxes at the fishmongers, and at the best of times indiscreetly sagey. Yet, a very little can be vivifying to meat and game terrines and *pâtés*. Only the other day a kind friend introduced me to a good twig of rosemary with roast meat and I was told that it is much used in Russian cookery for this purpose. I found it excellent. Certain French recipes give lavender and even pine-needles: don't you agree that there are possibilities there? One could even try southernwood, commonly known as 'old man's beard'. I have not yet had the courage to try it—and the name is not encouraging. But with food unrationed one might risk the wreckage. I have, however, tried the old-fashioned tip of putting a leaf of tansy into a milk pudding and found it very pleasant indeed.

A basic jelly made with rhubarb or gooseberries perfumed with bergamot is better with game or lamb than red-currant jelly; elder flowers bring into jams and jellies a taste of muscatel. Rhubarb and elder jam is something apart. There being a certain snobbery about rhubarb, I label the pots 'muscatel', and few of my guests are not convinced that this cheap and exquisite jam or jelly is not made from grapes. Everybody knows mint-jelly, but I assure you that jelly scented with a good sprig of geranium (the small sort) is an enchantment. All you do, with jellies, is to swill the herb you have chosen around the

liquid at the end of the boiling until it has acquired the desired taste or scent.

Lastly, there is the absorbing subject of wines in cookery. They are, I am sure, one of the foremost factors which have enabled France to reach the summits of perfect cooking. Except when fish, meat, or fowl can be stewed in wine—as, for example, hare or pigeon in red wine—restraint and right measures are again all-important. The cookery books of the great masters of the French school abound in recipes containing ordinary wine and *grands vins*, such as *Poulet au Chambertin*, *Bécasse au Champagne*, *Caille champenoise* with Pommery, *Fricassée de volaille au Chablis*. But, this being beyond the horizon of our green island, we had better leave it to France's sunnier shores and less liverish climate. Here we have our sherry, such a provider of miracles and, in my opinion, one of the most useful wines in cookery and better than madeira. And heaven preserve us from fish drowned in a sour white wine or from an alcoholic *consommé*!

No meat *pâté* or terrine is worth making without its right measure of sherry and cognac. Cognac works wonders with meat, even only a teaspoon. Certain game-birds simply cry out to be *flambé* first in cognac. (I count cognac as distilled wine.) And a stew of wild rabbit *en chasseur*, *flambé* in cognac—as long as one is sure that the rabbit has not been entirely 'mixed and mated'—complete with mushrooms and small onions, becomes something quite arresting, I assure you. In other words, wine gives food what one might call presence, or, as the French probably would say: *Le vin est l'aspect aristocratique de la bonne cuisine*.

And now, having generalised, here—in order not to disappoint those who expect concrete facts and recipes—are three recipes, each one based on one of these three keynotes of good cookery. Here is my way of preparing minced meat, sometimes called by a more *recherché* name, *musaka*. It is always popular, whether in a humble shepherd's pie or in stuffed cucumbers or aubergines, but it is at its very best in the Russian hors d'oeuvre called *bliny*, pancakes filled either with anchovy, caviar, sturgeon, or minced meat with a small dash of sour cream inside and outside. In *bliny*, you can glorify it with additions of hot or spicy sauces for those who like it. Mince an assortment of meats, cooked or uncooked, as well as kidneys, also game when possible, and fry it lightly in a little finely chopped onion. Then comes the fun. Mix in salt, sugar, red and black pepper (the black always freshly ground) Nepal pepper, mace, sweet basil, and use your imagination for any other spice such as ground cummin, turmeric, paprika, etc., adding or eliminating according to taste. Use only a very small pinch of each; exaggeration is fatal. Taste and taste again. If you are making *bliny*, make your pancakes in a small frying pan and let your guests roll their *bliny* themselves, helping themselves according to their choice to the minced meat and sour cream or any other filling you put before them on the table; they will always return to the minced meat filling.

Sorrel with Fish

The second recipe is for sorrel sauce, excellent with fish. Take one or two good handfuls of sorrel and pound it in a mortar. When it is thoroughly crushed, press it through a thick muslin to extract the juice, which you keep in a cup. Melt some fresh butter and thicken with flour; when it is smooth, add the sorrel-juice and moisten with the fish-stock.

Perhaps you might like a good recipe for that world-famous dish *coq-au-vin*. It hails from Auvergne and dates from the sixteenth century, when it used to be cooked in the old French *hostelleries* before the guests, over a large wood fire. A young hen will do just as well as a cockerel. Cut up your chicken as for a *fricassée*. Fry a few cubes of lean bacon in a good spoonful of butter, add some small onions and shallots, a *soupeçon* of crushed garlic, some mushrooms, and put in your seasoned pieces of chicken. Then pour away your surplus fat and moisten with a little brandy or Armagnac. 'Flambé' the chicken in this and cover with good red wine (need one say that an old wine from Auvergne is perfection?). Put the lid on and cook until tender. Some advocate a brisk fire and short time of cooking, others slow cooking, which I personally prefer.

Spices, herbs, wine: might one not call them the muses of inspired cooking?—*Third Programme*

The B.B.C. has published a pamphlet entitled *The Third Freedom*, price 6d., in connection with a series of Home Service programmes on the problems of under-development which are to begin on Wednesday, November 3. This pamphlet is obtainable from the B.B.C. Publications Department, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or from the usual newsgents.



*to
designers
for
industry*

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Press Council's First Report

Sir,—I share Mr. Randolph Churchill's hope (THE LISTENER, October 21) that the B.B.C. will devote time to a discussion of the newspaper industry and its domestic issues. Mr. Churchill complains that the Newspaper Proprietors Association treats what he calls its 'cartel agreement' (under which all other members of the association agree to cease publication if the publication of one newspaper is hindered or stopped through unconstitutional action by its employees) as 'a highly secret matter' and will not disclose its terms to the public. In fact the text of a letter forming the basis of that agreement, which was sent by the N.P.A. Council to the executive of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation as long ago as December, 1952, was issued by the N.P.A. to the Press Association on October 19 and circulated by the Press Association to subscribing newspapers that evening. The letter runs to some 950 words in length.

The N.P.A. agreement is as domestic to one section of the newspaper industry as are the agreements governing overtime working in the docks or lodging turns on the railways to those industries. Is the public any better informed of these, and, if so, any wiser for its knowledge? What is more important is that the existence of the N.P.A. agreement and its terms have been known to the unions in the printing industry for nearly two years, though obviously not all of them have taken it seriously, hence the recent one-day stoppage. However, Mr. Churchill, in unjustly accusing all 'the men who produce the papers', fails to mention that the vast majority of newspaper employees continued to work, so far as was possible, during the stoppage.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 2 J. D. MICHAEL HIDES
Hon. Secretary, Manchester Branch,
National Union of Journalists

Talking with Germans

Sir,—I do not think Mr. Goronwy Rees has reported anything very astonishing (THE LISTENER, October 14), though I have had no direct contact with Germany for a long time. But as far back as 1904, when I was living in Germany, I noticed with astonishment the Germans' towering reverence for Royalty, whatever country it ruled. I remember, when I was living with the Prussian Junkers in the neighbourhood of Königsberg, that I was severely reprimanded for some rather too flippant and caustic remarks about King Edward VII. I was told that my remarks (though they related only to King Edward) were also an insult to the German Kaiser.

I do not think it is extraordinarily strange that the Germans should speak of Queen Elizabeth as 'our Queen' (*unsere Königin*). Politeness does not entirely account for this, though I remember how polite the Germans could be on occasion. They are ill at ease. Long before the 1914 war they spoke fearfully and passionately of 'the Yellow Peril' (Russia and all the races behind them) and for final protection looked forward to 'the United States of Europe', though with Germany as the central ruling pivot. But they have, I guess, given up the idea of their own domination for a long time to come, and are now gazing at England as the ruling protecting power against the

countries east of them; so in this way Queen Elizabeth would be 'our queen'. She is, in the German opinion, the chief sovereign of Europe (therefore 'our queen') a sort of divine symbol against communism, a bright star shining down upon distracted Europe. As good Europeans it is quite a natural term to use. And their old reverence for royalty and noble families could not be better expressed. When I lived in Germany previous to 1914 it used to be something like 'our Shakespeare'. And certainly Shakespeare was read and staged ten times more in Germany than in England. Now they have made another appropriation. I hope we shall not mind too much.

Yours, etc.,

St. Albans

HERBERT PALMER

The Racial Problem in the United States

Sir,—I enjoyed Mr. Kolarz's talk on 'The Racial Problem in the United States' (THE LISTENER, October 14). Since, however, one of the photographs published together with the talk showed Baltimore students demonstrating against integration and because no specific mention was made of student opinion on the Supreme Court decision, I would like to quote the following:

The United States National Student Association expresses its hearty approval of the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in education. The decision, long awaited, is a step forward in our democracy. Its full enforcement will be a guarantee of truly equal educational rights for the nation's Negroes, Spanish-speaking Americans, and Indians, and all other groups which are denied equal opportunities by law or custom in any section of the United States. Moreover, it will be another advance in the campaign for inter-racial co-operation which is necessary to insure the successful functioning of a dynamic democratic society...

In upholding these democratic principles, the Congress urges that every effort be made by member schools to enforce the implementation of the Supreme Court decision as quickly as is possible.

This declaration was made by the Seventh Annual Congress of the American National Students Association this summer. I believe that this congress, which was attended by more than 800 students' leaders from all parts of the States, is an important part of the American public opinion which 'will do much to counteract all attempts to sabotage the verdict of the Supreme Courts'. Further, from my talks with American students at the congress and elsewhere, I am of the opinion that the protesting Baltimore students form the minority, and that the principles embodied in the above declaration are those of the majority, of American students.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol, 8

R. W. A. OLIVER

A Sculptor and His Public

Sir,—It is understandable, and to some extent excusable, that Miss Sprigge in her haste to attack 'A Sculptor and His Public' misquoted me on every point to which she took exception. She did not claim, in her letter, to have remembered my exact words. It is less excusable that she has in two cases out of three misrepresented the meaning of my words by her own rephrasing, and, in the remaining case, based her objection on an inference also of her own invention.

Leaving aside for the moment Miss Sprigge's complaint about the neglected context of a quotation from a letter in another part of my talk, I should like to correct these misrepresentations.

I did not endorse or approve the simple fact that nobody knows what somebody else discovers in a work of art; I merely stated it. I expressed no scorn of the simple views of two score of Manchester City councillors. These gentlemen and their views may carry immense weight with Miss Sprigge, in rejecting the work of a British sculptor whose fame and honour are international. But I neither mentioned them, nor, I regret to say, even thought of them, either to scorn or applaud.

I did not say that most works of art in the past were commissioned for motives of self-aggrandisement. I merely referred to this motive as one example of collecting for pleasure, in contrast with others, in order to make the point that the result of patronage, however motivated, was the production of art and the support of artists: Miss Sprigge, if she has since read the text, will have seen my actual words; and will have seen that her argument is irrelevant.

She will also have seen that I did not say that one must have respect for works of art made in good faith. What I said, in considering the extent to which a natural ability to appreciate things tempers our enjoyment, was: 'I am not ashamed that I cannot understand *Finnegans Wake*, any more than I feel mentally deficient because I cannot grasp the Quantum Theory. These abilities lie outside mine. (Though I respect rather than condemn what I feel is done in good faith.)' My remark was a personal statement; and did not impute to good faith any such remarkable properties as that of holding up faulty buildings, as Miss Sprigge so inconsequentially and surprisingly suggests.

To return to the neglected context of a quotation of Mr. Alfred Barr. As my point in quoting a part of this letter was to illustrate the admiration of an American, prominent in the world of art collecting, for our British Council, I am unable to see that Miss Sprigge's articles have any bearing whatever on the matter. Her attack on the British Pavilion in Venice may have called forth Mr. Barr's letter. But it had no bearing on his opinion of the British Council.

Yours, etc.,

Cheltenham

LYNN CHADWICK

The Artist as a Man of Action

Sir,—It is unfortunate that Mr. Graham Hough in his admirable appreciation of Oscar Wilde (THE LISTENER, October 21) should have quoted without qualification the passage from Gide's *In Memoriam*, written in 1901, where Gide defended the man at the expense of his work, thus reversing the more conventional judgements which sought rather to justify the man by his work. It is true that Gide then wrote that 'Wilde is not a great writer'. But fairness both to Gide and Wilde demands that the listener be made aware of Gide's subsequent retraction of that view. In the foreword to the first French edition of his study of Wilde (*Mercure de France*), published in 1910, Gide wrote:

It seems to me today that in my first essay I spoke of Oscar Wilde's work, and in particular of his plays, with unjust severity. The English as well as the French led me to do this. . . . To be sure I have not come to consider these plays

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as perfect works; but they appear to me, today when I have learned to know them better, as among the most curious, the most significant and . . . the newest things in the contemporary theatre. (Eng. Trans. 1951)

Mr. Hough is, of course, entitled to speak of the 'sham marble' of Wilde's prose (although this would appear to be a baroque judgement, if applied to 'De Profundis', for example). A fuller examination of the evidence would suggest that he is not entitled to cite Gide in support of that view.—Yours, etc.,

Bristol, 8

R. V. SAMPSON

'Report from Malaya'

Sir,—Mr. R. P. S. Walker's letter in THE LISTENER of October 21 fairly sums up the criticism that has been directed against me since the publication of my recent book on Malaya. Since my facts have proved indisputable and my arguments irrefragable, my critics have been reduced to repeating (as Mr. Walker does) that I have 'special interests', that I am 'against the Malays' and 'favour the Chinese', and that my views (unlike those of the 'impartial' supporters of the Sultans, vested interest, and the *status quo*) 'reek with prejudice'.

As regards 'special interests'. In the several departments in which I served in Malaya for many years it was my duty to treat all persons and races on a perfect equality, and this is what I endeavoured to do. That I have subsequently, in my private capacity, had frequent occasion to protest against unfairness to the Chinese is because the whole weight of the administration (top heavy with Malay 'specialists') has been against the Chinese and it was therefore necessary in the interests of justice and of a sane British policy to redress the balance. But that I have ever been 'against the Malays' I deny. In addition to being qualified in two dialects of Chinese, I, like other Chinese-speaking officers, learned to speak fluent Malay, but during my whole career in Malaya I met only one Malay specialist who troubled to learn a single word of any dialect of Chinese, the language of the

most numerous community in Malaya! Need I say more?

Mr. Walker equates the Malays with the 'Sultans', ignoring the United Malays National Organisation, the representative Malay body, which, in alliance with the Malayan Chinese Association, has captured 100 per cent. of the seats at the recent municipal elections, and which Alliance aims at self-government for Malaya whatever the Sultans or their supporters may wish. It happens that with UMNO I have the most friendly relations.

The practice of equating 'Malays' with 'Sultans' is ironically reminiscent of the practice of a small band of nostalgics in India before independence, of ignoring the Indian National Congress and equating 'Indians' with 'Princes'. If this practice is persisted in, when Malaya becomes self-governing, Britain will be left with the 'Sultans' but without the 'Malays'.

To come to Mr. Bartlett's book (to whose positive qualities I paid tribute in my review). Why should Mr. Bartlett be surprised to find that the bandits' campaign was not a nationalist movement, or that Malaya 'has less colour prejudice than any other plural society'? I, for one, have been saying so for years. As regards progress towards self-government being 'safe', the only progress so far has been forced on the Government by the agitation of the UMNO-MCA Alliance with popular support. Would Mr. Walker describe the stuffing up of the safety-valve of an overheated boiler as 'safe'?

Mr. Walker is flattering enough to speak of my 'standing as an expert on Chinese affairs in a wider theatre' and of my influence with an 'enormous number of readers in this country'. I wish it were true. But if anything that I am permitted to say will help ever so little to remedy the deplorable effect of the official propaganda, costing millions of pounds to the British and Malayan taxpayers, which represents the recent policy in Malaya as far-seeing, wise, and successful and the Emergency as virtually ended, I shall be content. When, however, carried away by this flood of propa-

ganda, a leading American magazine with an enormous circulation hails General Templer as 'The Conqueror of Malaya', I am tempted to feel that any move to reveal the real issues in Malaya must be completely futile.—Yours, etc.,
Cambridge
VICTOR PURCELL

How To Grow Pansies

Sir,—In an excerpt from 'Woman's Hour' (THE LISTENER, October 21), Professor Codrington said: 'I believe the beautiful Greek *Viola gracilis* and the Alpine *Viola calcarata* should be in every rock-garden'. Unfortunately, it appears to be quite impossible to obtain either of these lovely pansies from any nurseryman in this country. *Viola gracilis* is, it is true, sometimes offered but what you get is an inferior hybrid sometimes called *Viola gracilis* 'major' which lacks the elfin charm of the true species. *Viola calcarata* can, of course, be brought home from the Alps. I have done this myself. In my garden, it grows hopefully and vigorously for a year, puts up a few flowers and dies. Others may be more fortunate. I doubt it, since otherwise such a wonderful flower would surely be in every garden. Less beautiful but far more useful is the mountain pansy, *Viola lutea*. I have only once seen this mentioned in a catalogue. It may, however, be collected in the north of England where it is to be found in all sorts of colour varieties—purples, yellows, and mixtures. It is not long-lived but that does not matter as it seeds so freely.—Yours, etc.,

Gresford

MOSTYN LEWIS

Pronunciation of English

Sir,—If your correspondent Mr. J. R. Briggs will look again he will find that the Oxford English Dictionary leaves him, in 'medicine' and 'regiment', the choice between disyllabic and trisyllabic pronunciation: 'meds'n' or 'medisin'—'redjment' or 'redjiment', both are correct. Why be more papal than the Pope?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

WALTER RILLA

The Ugly Bits

(continued from page 714)

The suburban way of life clearly meets the needs of a very great number of English people; naturally, there are a good many things about it, in each particular suburb, that could be improved; but the thing itself is a satisfactory background to many lives.

I fancy that our commentators are misled by what I may call the architectural fallacy. By that expression I mean this: it is quite common to think because the buildings put up in the eighteenth century were almost without exception agreeable, even elegant, in appearance, and a pleasure to look at, that life in that age must have been more refined and pleasant than it was in the nineteenth century, when much building was harsh and ugly; but you have only to dip into, say, John Wesley's *Journal* to discover that that notion is false. And the men who put up ugly Victorian buildings were not, as we are coming to understand, either insensitive or unintelligent. But the architecture of each age imposes an impression on us that it is difficult to correct; and the ugliness of most suburbs seems to make many people who do not live in them think that suburban life must be narrow and standardised and uninteresting.

But I do not believe that this is right. On the contrary, to get away from a town street to a house with a garden in a suburban road (or 'Close' or 'Way' or 'Crescent') is, for most

people who achieve it, a veritable escape: an escape from a heavy burden of conformity and convention to something much more individual and private. In a suburb, a man may give his dwelling a name, a name that he has chosen for himself; and then it becomes, as it were, private to him, and the man seems to himself to gain individual status and value. Lewis Mumford, in one of his classic books about life in cities, knew this when he wrote: 'The romantic suburb was a collective attempt to lead a private life'. In the conditions of our overcrowded island this may after all be a sensible thing for a good many of its inhabitants to try to do. At all events, the suburban life deserves a much more thorough understanding from the critics than it has had so far; and if we understood its purpose better, I think we should find its external features much more intelligible, and perhaps even in some degree acceptable: I mean the 'unreasonably winding roads, the closes or culs-de-sac, the exotic plants, the strange architectural features, the wilful use of different coloured paints and external finishes—all the ways in which people who live in suburbs try to assert that their place is different from the next one. Even if no amount of understanding is going to make those who quote D. H. Lawrence positively like suburbs, still they may feel able to concede that they do, after all, have a place

in the scheme of things; and in my view the subject of landscape history is the development of the whole scheme of things.

Perhaps I may take up the striking metaphor that Dr. Hoskins used to introduce his talks. He compared the view over the English landscape with

a symphony which you can simply enjoy as an architectural mass of sound . . . without being able to analyse it in detail or to see the logical development behind it. But if we are able to isolate the themes as they enter, and to see how one by one they are intricately woven together . . . then our enjoyment is immensely enhanced.

I have taken Dr. Hoskins at the literal meaning of those words, and tried to develop his theme a little farther. I should like the kind of treatment he proposed, and so lucidly carried out for certain elements in our landscape, to be applied to it all. Let us anatomise the whole body. Then we shall not have to close our eyes, or seek other distractions, when passing through large tracts of our country. On the contrary, we shall be able to derive satisfaction from understanding how it came to look as it does, and perhaps even be able to think in a sensible way about how to make the ugly bits less ugly in the future: not by running away from them into the past or into the country, but by prevailing over them.—Third Programme

Art

William Hogarth at Manchester

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THE exhibition of William Hogarth at the City Art Gallery, Manchester, has an unexpectedly sober character, largely because the serials in the Soane Museum and the National Gallery could not be borrowed. This is not a fatal omission, however, because the exhibition, as it stands, depends less on Hogarth's powers of discourse than on his qualities as a portraitist. The exhibition is arranged in rough chronological order, and approaching it in this way shows up its virtues and weaknesses. The conversation pieces of the early seventeen-thirties are well displayed, the selection of the portraits of the early 'forties is not everything it might have been, and the late work is admirably full. In one respect the organisers have been somewhat negligent. The group of drawings and engravings is merely summary; and, considering the absence of the serials, it was disappointing that the sumptuous 'Marriage à-la-Mode' was represented only by a coarse set of engravings of reduced size.

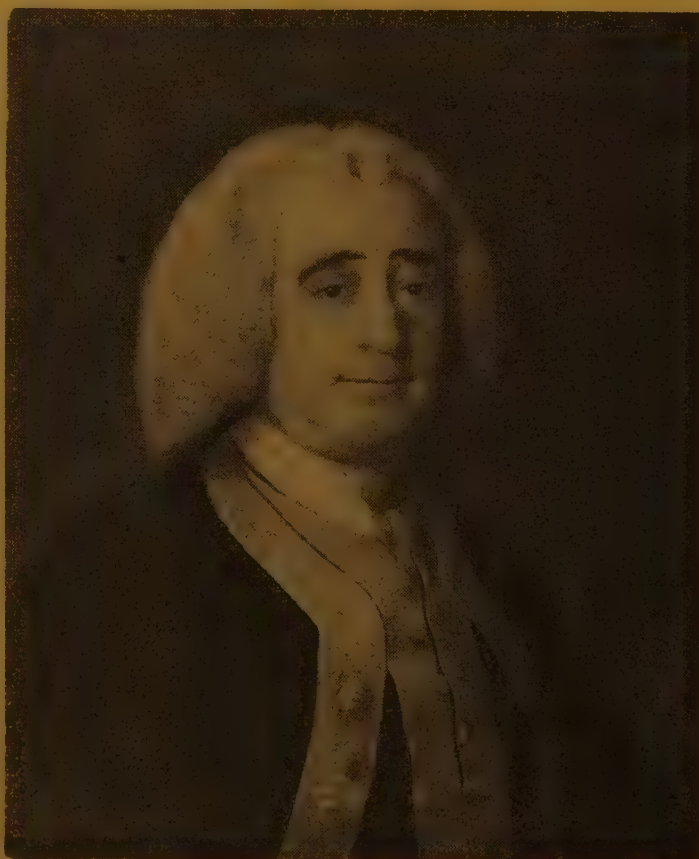
There is more to Hogarth's early portrait groups than the charm of his children: his handling of figures in space, for example, is subtler than Roger Fry noticed. In his interiors, such as the superb Wollaston Family (1730), he sets small figures back inside the picture but they are also held well forward by the wall at the back. The thin, elegant figures are flexible enough to fit into a flowing rococo space but solid enough to dominate their setting. Late in the seventeen-thirties Hogarth developed a style to express the substantial being of individual sitters. His colour became simpler and weightier and he created form of a swelling plasticity. A fine work of this period is the portrait of Martin Folkes, an antiquarian and rationalist. The forms push outwards from the centre, up against the picture plane and the frame, giving dramatic vitality to the basically simple pose. The maximum use of a simple feature characterises Hogarth's middle-period portraits of individuals, opposed to the delicately garrulous early groups.

'The Shrimp Girl' and the 'Servants' are usually seen at the National Gallery and admired in isolation. At Manchester they are set in the context of Hogarth's late period, the seventeen-fifties, to which they belong. It is a cliché of art critics that 'The Shrimp



Lent by the Royal Society

Two portraits by Hogarth: above, Martin Folkes (c. 1741); left, Lord Holland (1761)



Lent by Dudley C. Ryder

Girl' is great and if only more pictures had not had the misfortune to get finished! To praise Hogarth when he happens to look like MacEvoy, however, is to sacrifice a Georgian to the un-Georgian cult of the sketch. Here, 'The Shrimp Girl' is in company with the portraits of Mary Lewis in a ruff, 'A Lady in Brown', and the Rembrandtesque John Pine, which mix archaism and the subjective assessment of character in a curious way, far removed from, say, the expansive confidence of the 'Folkes'. One of the finest of Hogarth's melancholy and spasmodically productive last year is Lord Ilchester's unfinished portrait of Henry Fox, Lord Holland. A newly discovered, finished version of this grave character study is shown, for the first time, at Manchester. Missing from its place among the late works is 'Sigismunda', which

prejudice keeps below stairs at the Tate Gallery, though many poorer pictures are permanently on view. It is a pity that this tragic heroine was not borrowed for Manchester, for the picture, though painted in rivalry with an old master, has a pathetic morbidity which shows Hogarth, near the end of his life, responding to the new range of feeling of pre-romanticism.

Wisely, the organisers have included one of Hogarth's history pictures, the rarely exhibited 'Scene from the Tempest' (Hon. Rowland Winn). It is important to remember that, though this is not the point of the Manchester exhibition, Hogarth's great achievement was to unify high art and low life. He brought the dazzling rhetoric of late baroque to bear on subjects of common reality. In 'The Tempest' there are contrasts of youth and age, beauty and beast, detail and mass, light and shade—every element in opposition. The baroque principle of opposition and contrast within the unity of Lines of Grace and Beauty was applied by Hogarth to his modern moral subjects. That this was his intention is clear from his book on aesthetics, *The Analysis of Beauty*; that he succeeded in this intention his art is here to show. The synthesis he made, of formal style and vitally topical subject-matter, is one that realists are in desperate need of once again.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The English Novel: a short critical history. By Walter Allen.

Phoenix House. 18s.

NO ONE COULD NOW complain, as Virginia Woolf did thirty years ago, that the novel has not received enough critical attention. Indeed the danger is now the other way; there has been so much criticism of the novel that we are apt to forget its history. That is to say that there have been so many value judgements from the point of view of the twentieth-century intellectual that we are in danger of forgetting both what the novel has been and what it has meant to the great mass of its readers, who were for the most part neither twentieth-century nor intellectual. The great value of a survey such as this of Mr. Walter Allen's is that it recalls to our mind, not a few arbitrary high spots, chosen according to some partial notion of what the novel ought to be, but the full picture of what it really is, its full range of intention and achievement.

There is plenty of room for a book of this kind; the novel has extended its territory so rapidly in recent years that the proportions have greatly altered, and Mr. Allen's book is a sound, judicious and lively essay at seeing the whole in the proper perspective. It is distinguished throughout by steady good sense, a quality that is becoming progressively rarer in modern critical writing. Mr. Allen avoids the tiresome pedantry of finding the origins of the novel in early forms of narrative that are actually quite different; and he stops short of our immediate contemporaries—because, as he says, our relation to them is a special one, not to be included in a general history. Between those limits—that is between Defoe and Lawrence—the scale and proportions are just right. The size of the big fish is not exaggerated by placing them in a special aquarium, yet our view of them is not obscured by a shoal of small fry. Mr. Allen has read everything worth reading in the English novel, and he defines its position by constant reference to the only other novel-literatures with which it can be compared—the French and the Russian.

Of course there can be no history without criticism. The mere act of including some writers and omitting others is a critical operation. And Mr. Allen is giving us far more than a mere chronicle. The scale of his book forbids detailed studies of individual writers, but he is writing history by values as well as history by time. His judgements are fresh, personal—they are never the text-book commonplaces—but they are always fair, and the reasons for them are always given. It is a remarkable achievement within a comparatively short book to have given not only so much sound criticism, but so much of the evidence on which criticism is based. The argument is so sensible and persuasive that the reader is always disposed to agree; but he is not bullied into acquiescence; and if he wants to disagree, the material with which to do so is provided. No doubt the most powerful criticism is usually dotted and more pig-headed than this: Mr. Allen's great quality is his fairness over an extremely wide range. He is fully aware of, and himself probably belongs to, the critical tradition that sees the novel as a self-conscious form of art, with its own laws and its special principles; but he can do admirable justice to Trollope and writers like him whose aspirations were far less strenuous.

It is an uncommon accomplishment to be equally appreciative, and in due degree, of, let

us say, Thackeray, Mark Rutherford and James Joyce. In general the book gains in authority and confidence as we get nearer to modern times; the chapters on the late Victorians and the writers of the early twentieth century are particularly well done. There are no bibliographies or notes—this is a book for the general reader—but in the course of his study Mr. Allen refers to most of the best modern criticism of the novel, so there is ample stimulus to further investigation. Anyone who wants to fill gaps in his novel-reading, or to relate his favourites to others less familiar, will be likely to find this the best short guide now available.

The Men who Ruled India: The Guardians By Philip Woodruff. Cape. 25s.

It was Herbert Fisher who wrote that 'the British members of the Indian Public Services have perhaps more nearly than any other ruling class realised' Plato's 'idea of disinterested government'. *The Guardians*, the second and last volume of 'The Men who Ruled India', is inspired by the same belief and even owes its title to Plato. The first volume, published nearly a year ago and entitled *The Founders*, gave us the first three acts of a drama which began 350 years ago, and brought the story down to the mutiny of 1857. *The Guardians* gives us Act 4, *The System at Work*, and Act 5, *The Demission of Power*. Burma now figures in the tale, for those who ruled it after its addition to the Empire were inseparably linked with those who ruled India. The Rulers' sphere therefore was enormous, in area not far short of Europe, and with peoples hardly less diverse. Yet the members of the Service to which most of the Rulers belonged never exceeded 1,300.

With so vast and varied a landscape the author has wisely made his survey 'a book about men'. Village, field and jungle are vividly described, and due importance is given to the changing background of politics and war. But it is the men, above all the district officers and not merely 'those on high', who are the centre of the picture and whom he delights to honour. The result is a gallery of striking personalities, each described with an almost loving appreciation of his temperament, character and work. Taken together they show how remarkably our island breed behaves when faced with unfamiliar responsibilities and freed from familiar restraints. Whatever the job—it might be enlarging the Empire or quelling a sudden outbreak of lawlessness, or merely the humdrum task of land revenue assessment—most men found their capacity and character stretched and tested to the utmost. 'Give me brains and guts', said John Lawrence when asked what type of Civilian he required, 'but if I can't have both, give me guts'. And guts were seldom lacking. The Rulers might almost be said to have specialised in them. But what stands out even more is their individuality. In the district, less so in the secretariat, this found the widest scope, and it was often accompanied by a humour and eccentricity typically English. What, for example, would a German or even a Frenchman have said of the young Civilian who, once rebuked by his Chief for not answering a summons immediately, on a further summons 'appeared naked, borne shoulder-high in a tin bath-tub by four orderlies'.

'In lapidary inscriptions', said Dr. Johnson, 'a man is not upon oath'—least of all when, as in this case, the tribute is written by a member of the family. It was hardly to be expected

therefore that the Rulers' limitations should be dealt with at any length. Yet somewhat darker shading here and there might have added to the truth of the picture and even to the brilliance of the high-lights. That all were not worthy of the great power so often wielded was inevitable, but might not a more imaginative attitude towards Indian feeling and prejudice have saved much misunderstanding and friction? Many, indeed, like Beveridge, Wedderburn, and Hume, showed it in the fullest degree; but in many others there was a blind spot due perhaps to a life of exile far removed from the gracious influences of home and the arts. But if the Rulers were not entirely *sans reproche*, they certainly were *sans peur* and when compared, as in the epilogue, with those who ruled the empires of China, Turkey, Spain, and Rome, it may well be that they surpassed them all.

A less skilled writer than Mr. Woodruff might easily have produced a book as dull as it was informative. As it is, thanks to a stream of illuminating illustration and anecdote and to a light and easy style agreeably seasoned with simile and humour, there is not a dull chapter, and as the five-act drama unfolds, the thread of continuity with the past is never lost. All of which will not surprise anyone familiar with the author's novels on Indian peasant life. In short, Mr. Woodruff has written a book of deep human interest and it goes far to justify Herbert Fisher's claim.

Modern Experiments in Telepathy By S. G. Soal and F. Bateman. Faber. 30s.

This is the kind of book for which those interested in experimental parapsychology have long been waiting. The authors give a scholarly and up-to-date account of the evidence for extra-sensory perception that has been obtained by experimental methods during the past twenty-five years. A considerable part of the book is concerned with a more detailed account than has hitherto been available of the work of the authors with Mrs. Stewart. This is of great importance and interest, and much increases the value of the book. There is, however, also an adequate treatment of the experimental work done in Professor Rhine's laboratory at Duke University and elsewhere, and also of Dr. Soal's own earlier work with Basil Shackleton.

The need for such a compendium of experimental research on parapsychology is apparent when one considers the many claims by various writers to have refuted the conclusions of experimental parapsychologists by methods whose plausibility depends on the ignoring of the quality of the research that has been done and its results. In recent years critics of parapsychology have claimed to have explained its results as due to recording errors, and to unconscious whispering. Neither of these are possible explanations of successes when in a card-guessing experiment the targets and answers are separately recorded and the agent and percipient are at a distance from one another. Dr. Soal's experiment with Mrs. Stewart when she was in Antwerp and the agent was in London are a good example of experiments of this type. One critic has recently given considerable publicity to the claim that by matching columns in tables of random numbers he could get results indistinguishable from those of parapsychological experiments. To anyone familiar, however, with the actual amounts of the deviations above chance of a successful parapsychological

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Per Collinder

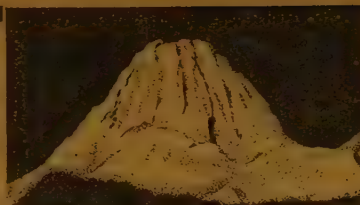
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experiment (for example, Basil Shackleton's rate of success in guessing the card ahead of the one looked at by the agent, maintained at an average of nearly fifteen per cent. over chance expectation in a series of more than 3,000 guesses), it will be apparent that such a result is easily distinguishable from anything that has been reported from matching random numbers.

Criticisms of this type have been found easy of acceptance because the detailed evidence in the matter of telepathy and other forms of extra-sensory perception has been very largely buried in the pages of technical journals which are read by relatively few people. It is a special merit of the book by Soal and Bateman that it presents the evidence in readily accessible form. It is not perhaps important whether those interested in modern experimental science who are not themselves engaged in psychical research should believe or disbelieve in the results reported by experimenters working in this field. It is, however, very desirable that any judgement they make on the subject should be made in the light of accurate knowledge of the state of the evidence. This knowledge is made available to anyone interested in the matter by this book.

The authors make it clear that there is something to be explained about the results of card-guessing experiments. They are wisely more reticent about trying to advance an explanation. They are properly sceptical about such attempts at explanation as Dunne's theory of serial time and Whately Carington's psychon theory. Their view would seem to be rather that the business of experimenters now is to find out more, and that when we know enough about these matters the time will have come when we can hope to explain them.

Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire

By J. M. Thompson. Blackwell. 32s. 6d.

No one is better equipped to tell this story than Mr. Thompson, the distinguished historian of the French Revolution and Napoleon I. This is the best account that has appeared since the uncompleted work of F. A. Simpson, and fills a gap that has long frustrated the student of nineteenth-century France. Mr. Thompson's narrative is enlivened and enriched on every page by his gift for selecting the most apt and varied quotations from contemporary sources. It does not, particularly in the diplomatic and economic aspects, break fresh ground, but it sums up admirably the present state of our knowledge of the Second Empire.

The driving-force in Louis Napoleon's career was the Napoleonic Legend, launched by his uncle from St. Helena and modernised by Louis Napoleon himself in his manifesto *Les Idées Napoléoniennes*, of 1938. From St. Helena Napoleon had proclaimed that 'the first ruler who calls upon the peoples of Europe will be able to accomplish anything that he wishes'. As an ex-Carbonaro of 1831, Louis Napoleon felt that he understood national aspirations, and his pamphlet on *L'Extinction du Paupérisme* issued from his prison at Ham showed that he had absorbed many of the ideas of Saint-Simon and the early French socialists. He dreamed of a democratic-Caesarism which would conciliate capital and labour, and of a remodelling of Europe on the lines of nationality; which would restore to France the hegemony of Europe, and even, perhaps, the Rhine frontier. The overwhelming vote for Louis Napoleon in the presidential election of 1848, to which the workers as well as the party of order contributed, was a tribute not only to the strength of the Napoleonic tradition but to Louis Napoleon's skilful modernisation of the Legend. Louis Philippe had hoped to bury the Legend with Napoleon's body in the Invalides in 1840, but despite the fiasco of Louis Napoleon's attempts at Stras-

bourg and Boulogne, it was strong enough to fill the vacuum left by the collapse of the July Monarchy and the Second Republic.

Unfortunately Louis Napoleon miscalculated, like his uncle, the forces at work in Europe. The first Napoleon, in attempting to dominate Europe, unleashed forces of nationalism which he ignored until he reached St. Helena. His nephew was determined not to repeat his mistakes, and appreciated that nationalism was the force of the future, but he misconceived the form it would take. He thought that the expulsion of Austria from Italy would produce a weak federal state which would leave the temporal power of the Papery intact and remain under French influence. Instead he found himself outwitted by Cavour and entangled in the Roman question which deprived him of the gratitude of Italy. It was said in France that 'the fool has created another Prussia beyond the Alps'.

He made a similar and much more fatal miscalculation in his attitude to German unification. Lured on by the hopes of *pourboires* on the Rhine, he stood aside in 1866, only to find that the lightning victory of Prussia forestalled effective intervention. Sadowa had created the powerful Germany which French diplomacy since Richelieu had aimed to prevent, and war between France and Prussia now lay, as Bismarck said, 'in the logic of history'. At least it should have been postponed till the French army had been modernised. Louis Napoleon was well aware of its deficiencies, and strove to remedy them, but he was hampered at every turn by the growing internal weakness of the regime. The authoritarian system of 1852 could not be maintained without dazzling success abroad. Throughout the sixties, Louis Napoleon wavered between a policy of maintaining his prerogative and one of 'crowning the edifice' with a liberal constitution, while the liberal opposition remained too suspicious of the government to countenance effective army reform. It was a weak, tired, desperate man who allowed himself to be pushed by public opinion into war in 1870.

Mr. Thompson charitably concludes that 'he was too small a man for the great things he set out to do'. Queen Victoria shrewdly remarked that 'the Emperor is as unlike a Frenchman as possible, being much more German than French in character'. He remains an enigma, partly because his mind lacked the clarity of his uncle's, partly because the written evidence for his career is scanty. The Second Empire cannot be properly assessed until much more detailed research has been done, on the lines laid down by Maurain and Dureau. Meanwhile we must be grateful for Mr. Thompson's brilliantly executed portrait.

The New Oxford History of Music (Vol.

II). Edited by Dom Anselm Hughes. Oxford. 45s.

The first of the projected eleven volumes of the *New Oxford History of Music* has not yet appeared, although the second volume, dealing with early medieval music up to 1300, gives a sufficient indication of the scope and standard to be expected of the scheme as a whole. The half-century which has elapsed since the publication of the early volumes of the first *Oxford History of Music* has seen a remarkable gathering of impetus in the pace of studies, editions, and recordings of pre-classical music. What was formerly allotted to one man—Professor H. E. Wooldridge—is now recognised as a period in the history of music which requires the active collaboration of twenty or more specialists, some native, others foreign.

Well over half of the present volume is given up to monody both sacred and secular, and

several distinguished contributors trace the history of liturgical chant from its origins to its golden age, and thence to its partial decay and modern restoration. Dr. Egon Wellesz writes with unrivalled authority on the liturgy of the Syrian Church, and sums up carefully the contribution of the Copts, Ethiopians and Armenians to the music of the Orthodox Church. Framed within these studies is a succinct account of music in the Byzantine liturgy, a subject which the author treats with a warmth of personal affection as well as deep knowledge acquired during a lifetime's research.

To this section of the book Professor Alfred J. Swan makes a useful and readable contribution on the history and performance of Russian chant. Gregorian and pre-Gregorian Latin chant is dealt with in two excellent chapters by the Director of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music in Rome, Mgr. Higinio Anglés. The name of the translator is not mentioned. All musical examples are given in a modern quasi-facsimile of plainsong notation, followed by a version using modern clefs, staves, and note-values. This principle is followed in the chapter on liturgical drama, but not, unfortunately, in Professor Handschin's otherwise satisfactory account of tropes, sequences, and conducti. Thus the very chapter to which the reader looks for a possible answer to the admirable but dogmatic scholars of Solesmes is stunted by a serious lack of first-hand illustration. The three liturgical forms in question are by no means as easily available in modern editions as the chant-forms discussed by Anglés, for example; yet where his chapter would still have been valuable with far fewer illustrations in plainsong notation, the field covered by Handschin is almost valueless without them.

The same is largely true of Professor Westrup's cautious exploration of the much-disputed territory of medieval song. There are so many different attitudes towards transcription of the songs of troubadours, trouvères and their Teutonic followers, that some attempt might have been made to provide the student with at least one example of an original text, either in photographic or typographical facsimile. As it is, there is an occasional suspicion of dishonesty in the seemingly arbitrary selection of one manuscript to illustrate one point, when other contemporary (and equally reliable) sources of the same melody would fail to support the point under discussion.

Dom Anselm Hughes' introduction to polyphony begins well, and is composed with great clarity of thought besides giving evidence of a laudable desire to make medieval harmony palatable to the modern ear. It was not, however, necessary to insist that polyphonic *caudae* have such strong affinities with dances and songs of a popular nature, merely because they are textless and in compound duple rhythm. If a harmless Sanctus trope suggests 'the opening strain of *Country Gardens*', we have every right to assume a similar connection between the Notre Dame clausula printed on page 350 and Debussy's *Printemps*. As the chapter progresses we become increasingly aware of an insular outlook, due no doubt to the author's preoccupation with early English music. But a private hobby-horse is no excuse for so pointed a neglect of the continental school in general, and so inadequate a transcription of the Chartres manuscript as appears on page 282. Certain other musical examples show a marked improvement on the versions printed in the Handbook, which accompanies the recordings illustrating this volume.

In outward appearance the volume is handsome. Within, there are several features which could be improved upon. There are only seven half-tone blocks (the same number as in the volume printed in 1901) although the available surface of art-paper could easily have accommo-

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dated twice this number. One block, whose title should read *Virtute numinis* (not *nominis*), is nowhere mentioned in the text, and appears to have fallen in by accident. There is no apparent principle of selection. The index, although useful and comprehensive, would have gained in clarity

from the use of a distinctive type-face for manuscript call-numbers, which tend to become confused with page-numbers. The bibliography is incomplete, and in some cases reveals a lack of consideration of significant research within the last decade. Proof-reading is below the normal

Oxford standard, the names of living scholars being mis-spelt, and underlay in some of the musical examples leaving much to be desired. In short, this volume is something of an edged tool; when used with care by wary readers, it cannot fail to be both helpful and controversial.

New Novels

Atlantis. By John Cowper Powys. Macdonald. 15s.

The Time of the Fire. By Marc Brandel. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

The Vagabond. By Colette. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

THE Welsh descent of the Powyses was so remote as to be almost fictitious, since their branch of the family left Wales in the fifteenth century. But the Rev. Charles Francis Powys was none the less proud of it, and on choir-supper night at Montacute some sixty years ago he would announce to the assembled villagers that he was descended from Roderic Mawr, King of All Wales. It was natural, therefore, that his eldest son, at the beginning of old age, when his greatest novels were already written, should follow the family legend to its source in Wales; natural, too, that 'an enormous iron cauldron bronze-red from rust' in a field near his home at Owen Glendower's Corwen should seem mysteriously linked with the Pair Dadeni of Welsh mythology, the cauldron of rebirth that belonged to the goddess Ceridwen, the Celtic Demeter. The magician Taliessin received the gift of prophetic wisdom when his lips were splashed by the liquid boiling in it; the lucky people who were permitted to bathe their aged bones in it were made young again and immortal; and so it has turned out with Mr. Powys.

In counterpoint, however, to his reincarnation as Taliessin and the writing of *Owen Glendower* and *Porius*, John Cowper Powys has followed another influence from a still earlier antiquity at the other end of Europe. As he absorbed the Loeb *Odyssey*, seeing in it more of the true spirit of Homer than is perhaps actually present in the American professor's translation, the Welsh hills and promontories shifted to a different focus. Under the rosy-fingered dawns and blinding noons of his new vision they changed into the rocky island of Ithaca, 'rough, but a good nurse of young men'; and the inner nature of the many-wiled, much-enduring Odysseus, no less than his suitability as a vehicle for Powysian cunning and vagary, became as familiar to him as that of Bloody Johnny Geard, Mayor of Glastonbury, or the Arthurian prince Porius. In *Atlantis* he has attempted nothing less than a sequel to the *Odyssey*.

Mr. Powys has written nothing more beautiful and astonishing, more hallucinatorily real and strange, than the opening chapters of *Atlantis*. It is early dawn in the palace of Odysseus, and we are entertained, before the human occupants awake, by the animistic soliloquies and dialogues of a stone pillar and an olive-stump, of the very club with which Herakles killed the Nemean lion, and of a 'scientific house-fly and a mystical moth'; while Odysseus, sleepless all night, has held an equally curious conversation with Klea, 'an elderly Dryad' who lives in the oak tree opposite his window. Then we are introduced to the other natives of the island, some of whom are human—the delightful boy Nisos, the cowherd Tis (who speaks in Somerset dialect), the young girls Eione and Pontopercia, so typical of Mr. Powys' sylph-like heroines—and others divine, the sea-monster Keto, the horrible goddesses Eurybia and Echidna, Atropos the eldest Fate. Classical scholars will notice with approval that Mr. Powys' mythology, however

amazing, is scrupulously orthodox; and they will sympathise with his gloating satisfaction over the fact that the Homeric word for sailcloth (which Odysseus needs for his new ship) is *othonia*, and that the half-light before daybreak is called *Lykophos*, or wolf-light. Meanwhile an obscure cosmic disaster is occurring: some informants say that the Titans have again declared war on Olympian Zeus, others that the dead are marching out of Hades, or the female principle has revolted against the male, or the Virgilian Trojans in Italy are continuing the eternal Trojan War; but Odysseus, with his 'bow-sprit beard', ignores the falling heavens and calmly prepares for his last voyage. Perhaps the truth Mr. Powys indicates is that a supernatural catastrophe always is in progress, but that it rests ever debatable whether it has any real effect on us mortals.

The too literal-minded reader will probably be unable to go all the way with Odysseus in his journey over the drowned city of Atlantis to the first discovery of America; and it is true that the voyage abandons the constructional power of, say, *Moby Dick* for the illogical waywardness of *Mardi*, or the *Fifth Book* of Rabelais, or *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*. But *Atlantis* remains one of the most powerful and enchanting works of a great writer. The occasion of Mr. Powys' eighty-second birthday this October is also marked by a new edition of *A Glastonbury Romance* (Macdonald, 21s.). I hope that *Wolf Solent*, *Jobber Skald*, and *Maiden Castle*, the three other novels from the summer-time of his still unfading imagination, may likewise be made available to the wonder and enjoyment of a new generation.

Mr. Brandel's first novel, the ever-remembered *Ides of Summer*, was a sinister comedy about a mass-murder which, although the reader was spared its actual occurrence, was certainly imminent a moment after the closing sentence. In *The Barriers Between* the hero thought he had killed his giggling friend; but he had only mistaken the guilty wish for the criminal deed, so no harm was done. In *The Choice* another multiple murder, of a group of persons who somehow almost desired and deserved it, was narrowly averted. So far no one has really got hurt. But in *The Time of the Fire* the situation has become decisively graver: the murders hideously happen, and it is like the first profoundly regressive symptom which shows the shuddering analyst that his patient is not neurotic, but insane.

Mr. Brandel's patient is the world, and the theme of murder, which he has handled four times without repeating himself, is not a personal obsession but the symptom and symbol of the disease he has set himself to diagnose. His present scene is a small town in the Middle West, haunted by an unknown killer and mutilator of girls. A witch-hunt begins, rather like Senator McCarthy's, and everyone except the real culprit is suspected. The workers accuse the bosses, the bosses accuse the workers, and the indignation of each side covers a fear that one

of themselves may be to blame. The town, we find, is very like a person, whose mind is the local newspaper, which tells it what it thinks, and whose buried sin is the murderer. Gradually the person-town ceases to want the truth, and looks only for a scapegoat; an inoffensive intellectual is lynched, and the real murderer, still unidentified, is ready to continue. He is only discovered because two men resist the temptation to give up the search and rest content with an innocent victim; for the guilty party in the detective-story of civilisation, Mr. Brandel implies, will not be found by politicians, scientists, psychiatrists or priests—not, that is, by technicians acting as such—but by men of good will.

The end of the novel, however, is perfunctory—perhaps Mr. Brandel wishes to save the fuller study of this idea for another novel. The murderer is unconvincing, partly because, if Mr. Brandel's symbol is to hold good, the criminal should be anonymous, being everyone or no one, and partly because he is given several alibis which remain unexplained. But in *The Time of the Fire* an interesting novelist has made a step closer to his chosen theme. Mr. Brandel is not just one of the sense-of-guilt boys. His subject is something more important than the sense of guilt: it is guilt itself, the submerged violence which underlies modern society, and the search for its cure.

'You ought to jot down a few reminiscences of your schooldays', said M. Willy, adding 'and don't be afraid of making them too spicy'. Fortunately, his obedient wife wrote of the innocence and concupiscence of girlhood with a fresh, virginal genius which M. Willy was unable to distinguish from 'spice'; and long after the cycle of Claudine novels was completed, long after her divorce from M. Willy, Colette continued to turn her life into art through the medium of heroines who resembled herself. In *The Vagabond* she is Renée Nérée, a lonely dancer in the Parisian music-halls, released from an intolerable marriage for the equally cruel dilemma of freedom, the bitter necessity of choice between loving again and the renunciation of love.

Last of all she transcended Claudine and Renée Nérée, Léa and Julie de Carneilhan, by becoming Mme. Colette. She saw youth and old age, love and jealousy for what doubtless they finally are, passionate pretexts for a vision of truth, a work of art. It was in this last incarnation, which included all the others, that she was to be seen, a few years ago, in a film taken in her apartment above the gardens of the Palais Royal. Cocteau arrived on a morning call, and the sound of their affectionate conversation was like that of a diamond cutting steel. But then her servant came in from market, from her basket Mme. Colette selected a gleaming vegetable (was it a radish or a leek?); and as that formidable, glorious old lady devoured that succulent fruit of the earth, one understood at last the relish and rhythm, the sensuality and sensibility, of her prose.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Out of the Doldrums ?

LAST WEEK, television attacked our attention with almost fierce determination, reminding us that the summer doldrums this year had long outrun their reasonable span. 'Panorama' came back at full headline strength. 'Public Enquiry' was topically hot. Several members of the Lords and Commons lately returned from the U.S.S.R. were frank with their impressions. 'Asian Club' falsified again one of the most familiar of Kipling's racial assertions. 'Miss World', of an international beauty contest, seemed to some of us a judges' mishap. The Alamein Reunion registered its decent annual enthusiasms. Jeanne Heal introduced a series on the forbidding subject of old age, and there was a sojourn at Cardiff Castle for sightseeing with John Betjeman. Amateur boxing from the Royal Albert Hall, chain-making at Cradley Heath, 'Sportsview', an international soccer telerecording, the motor show, and a film about ducks in Iceland, flashed past as part of what seems to have been a succession of train-window glimpses of an extremely bizarre landscape.

It is to be observed that the amount of new thinking by the intelligences of Lime Grove and Television Centre does not make an imposing show. Stock programmes are conspicuous in the list. Television is an outsize visual magazine, catering for innumerable tastes and also for no tastes at all, and subject to the weirdest emergencies. We viewers cannot justly complain of recurring series. They are the king-posts of an edifice of information, instruction, and entertainment which of necessity is buttressed by dependability rather than by originality. The 'headache of keeping it going', complained of by the controller of programmes some time ago, was a heart-cry that may ring down the years.

Blinking in the lights, seeming a little intimidated by the camera stare, Professor Arnold

Toynbee talked to us in 'Panorama' about his chance visit to the Mithraic temple site in the City of London and what he saw over the Walbrook barricades. 'Panorama' could congratulate itself on having him there to explain to us the new dimensions which the archaeologists, the orientlists, and the psychologists are giving to the study of history. In the same programme we had been shown the sculptural finds, made the more vividly interesting by Mr. W. F. Grimes' recital of fact and conjecture. It was satisfying television, an expert blending of the authoritative with the picturesque, and a fine parenthetical advertisement for 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?'

In 'Public Enquiry', from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we heard verbal zeal exceeding mental capacity among members of the audience



As seen by the viewer: 'The Harlequin Duck' on October 23—Peter Scott with his drawing of the duck; and (right) an arctic tern, with head tucked in, 'dive-bombing' an intruder

gathered to discuss trade union power and responsibility. But the accents of common sense were also loud in the hall and the subject had a good airing in the forty-five minutes wisely given to it. Sir Claude Gibb, F.R.S., industrialist, Sam Watson, miners' leader, and Dennis Chapman, social science lecturer, were the platform spokesmen, a well-balanced panel whose views were refreshingly free from platitudes. Dennis Chapman, in particular, maintained an objectivity which is still a good deal of a novelty in this kind of programme. Perhaps because moral issues were not on the agenda, no voice was raised to parry his thrust about the pilferings which mean millions of pounds in losses for the railways.

Their lordships and honourable members back from Russia helped, in an informative half-hour, to bring the Russians into clearer focus made possible only by the death of Stalin, who seems more than ever likely to be buried in the vaults of history alongside the most obscurantist of the tsars. Their differing politics yielded to an admirable concern for fair statement. The lines of perplexity on the brow of Richard Law, now Lord Coleraine, were symptomatic of the present process of unravelling misunderstandings with leaders who in their own country are intolerant of the divergent view.

'Asian Club', borrowed from sound radio, has gained much from being given the visual treatment. Last week's edition brought

before us a variety of new racial types, including the Japanese. It introduced, also, speakers older than the programme's average; its emphasis has always been on youth. The topic was clothes, and the visiting expert, James Laver, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, proved himself an adept exponent of the verbal judo which the eastern mind provokes. When he was asked to speak for or against trousers for women, I wished he had been armed with Ted Kavanagh's remark which had brought down the house at a public panel game earlier in the week. He said that, walking behind a trousered woman, he was reminded of two boys fighting under a blanket.

The first programme in the old-age series was not so much a programme as a draft for one; it had outline and little else. The doctor told us nothing that we did not know. Most un-

usually, Jeanne Heal appeared not to have an assured grasp of her subject. The impression we were left with was of a lack of research and preparation, of a half-heartedness of effort, quite uncharacteristic of the experienced producer, S. E. Reynolds. Alone, Miss Margery Fry redeemed the programme from the commonplace, a beautifully poised contribution to a subject which, I fear, is going to be resumed at the dull and factual level at which it began. The theme, after all, has its poetry and there is no reason why television should not illustrate it in the Meissonier manner; anything to get away from the bureaucratic view of old age.

If it is in order for a contracted television performer to misuse B.B.C. time and opportunity by making tendentious remarks, it will not be improper for me to use B.B.C. place in calling attention to it. In 'What's My Line?' the Sunday night before last, Gilbert Harding made a sneering remark about the Church of England.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Are You Courting ?

QUESTION: What is the cure for Love? Answer: Marriage. This was the sermon for Sunday night as represented in the kindly kitchen comedy 'The Cure for Love', which we have loved long since as a play, as a film, and now again as a television piece, in which last capacity—the standard being lowest—it came out, I thought, best. The scene is stage Lancs: the interest, whether our Jack back from wars will marry the chit from the south (Milly Southern her name, appropriately enough) or continue with courting the bold-as-brass Janey Jenkins who wears, as she never stops whining at him, proof of his attachment in the form of an engagement ring.

It is all what is called homely fun and I don't want to be heavy-handed about it. But does it not represent rather a desperate attitude to the human affections and the unions which ensure the propagation of the human species? The 'none of that, me girl' and 'I were proper trapped' idea of marriage might well shock some people, and those whose time and trouble are being taken up deciding what exactly is liable to deprave the minds of those susceptible



Jeanne Heal (left) talking with Miss Margery Fry in the first of three fortnightly programmes on 'Growing Old', on October 22



'The Cure for Love' on October 24, with (left to right) Wilfred Pickles as Jack Hardacre, Beatrice Varley as Sarah Hardacre, Valerie Miller as Milly Southern, and Joan White as Jancy Jenkins



Scene from 'Out of Bounds' on October 20, with (left to right) Diana Churchill as Diana Cresswell, George Benson as John Ingleby, and Anne Crawford as Sophie Garnett

to depravity might even ask themselves whether a strong case could not be made out against many a homely and minatory comedy on the grounds that it could well act as too effective a cautionary tale. We English, who are busy representing ourselves in the eyes of foreigners as floundering amid pornography and horror comics, might pause to reflect that a nation is not merely judged by whether it bans the *Decameron* or not, but also by the least of its comedies of courtship.

Not, of course, that the courtship exhibited in 'The Cure for Love' is anything but stagily conventional, pleasant and inevitable; nor is it a view of love and life peculiar to Lancashire; the Groves, if they took time off from their bickerings, would probably voice the same views in different accents. What we are meant to feel from Walter Greenwood's successful play is that though people may carry on like this on the surface, underneath they have good hearts. And so, no doubt, we do and they have. And so, no doubt, the sermon is sound, not cynical.

Charles Victor as the publican woos Beatrice Varley as Ma Hardcastle who makes him pay for a help of hot-pot. Valerie Miller as southern Milly hangs her undies afore the fire and fires the returned soldier's imagination, and he, bone of contention, is agreeably played by the ubiquitous Wilfred Pickles who may be ideally too mature-looking for the role but is—see Friday night's programme—the voice of the nation when it comes to courting problems and who could thus scarcely be bettered as a choice. The ungrateful role of the mean girl who gets jilted was assumed with appalling verisimilitude by Joan White. The play will be repeated tonight and those with finer ears for dialect accents than I have can enjoy a field day spotting any deviations from the true.

This popular piece was followed by an even less Sundayfied exhibition of courtship: courtship by dance. 'The Witch's Guitar' (why 'witch' was not made plain) showed a couple of them foreigners in the full fury of the flamenco dance, with the crack of snapped fingers (*pito*) and the flailing of heels on the boards (*zapateado*). Sometimes they looked like locomotives shunting headlong into each other; sometimes like yachts tacking round a buoy, sometimes like cats stretching or birds ducking and billing in the spring. Later still we had a chat about the land of the Bible

and recalled that earlier we and the children had had a play about Moses by Maurice Collis called 'The Burning Bush'. 'Do you think he really is one of the Egyptians? They don't usually talk to us Jews so politely', said Zipporah, or words to that effect. Yes, it was a fragmentary Sunday, but not without interest.

Looking back, it has been a fragmentary week. As far back as last Monday week 'Music for You' took a 'delightful cuckoo into its nest and along with such tuneful songsters as Sari Barabas, gave space to that annihilator of singers, Anna Russell, whose lusty parody of the art of song out-Herods the Hermiones. Subtle it may not be, but once in a way it is very funny. I am glad she had this largest of audiences.

On Tuesday Dennis Vance was the right choice to produce the sinister and effective piece 'Never Get Out' by Giles Cooper; and on Wednesday, before Dame Myra's recital, Michael Barry produced a golfing comedy with a really sumptuous cast, Anne Crawford, Diana Churchill, George Benson in the lead, and the rest all first-raters. Friday as aforesaid, and then the usual Saturday-night beano, a rather modified Saturnalia this one, with a feature about ducks as its climax. But we were permitted to see Bob Hope and three Italian film stars in 'In Town Tonight' and one of them sang like whatever is the Italian for billy-ho. 'Back from the Sea' was the ingenuous title for a show which 'intro-

duced' artists, meaning comedians, who have just returned from the sea. And not, one felt, in some cases, a second too soon.

Last Sunday's 'What's My Line?' made me again faintly incredulous. The panel seemed to have second sight—the stand in, Williams Thompson, especially. All above board?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Braden to Belshazzar

HOLOFERNES, pedant of 'Love's Labour's Lost', speaks, in his most complacent mood, of 'a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions'. And he adds: 'The gift is good in those in whom it is acute'. He was thankful for it; we are ready to be thankful to the hard-pressed Variety Department of the B.B.C.; also full (we hope) of 'shapes, objects, ideas', etc. In the past the gift has been acute in Bernard Braden and his company, both at breakfast and bedtime. Now it is 'Between Times with Braden' (Home), and I hope very much that this does not mean marking time. Throughout the latest programme I was uneasy, though the master's voice seemed to be as usual: the voice of a comedian who has rarely failed to remind me—for we are nothing if not reconcite this week—of a stage direction in an Elizabethan play: 'Enter Antic, Frolic, and Fantastic'. That is true Braden: so—in one way—is a later direction: 'Enter Venelia, mad; and goes in again'. Regularly, someone should mark the script in large red letters, 'Enter Braden, mad'. He should be kept, as far as possible, from going in again, but persuaded to stay and to utter the preposterous in that swift matter-of-fact voice that can sound as if it is improvising.

He gets this effect now and then in 'Between Times', especially when he is trying to broadcast from the studio a set of entirely spontaneous unrehearsed interviews in the middle of Regent Street. (They never begin.) But, more than once during this programme, one thought of midnight oil and scripts. Sensing it maybe, Braden tossed in a rapid 'Have I got to read your script, or lift mine up a little higher?' Some of the jokes might have stuck longer if one



'From the Land of the Bible': the Rev. E. H. Robertson speaking on October 24 about the exhibition at the British Museum

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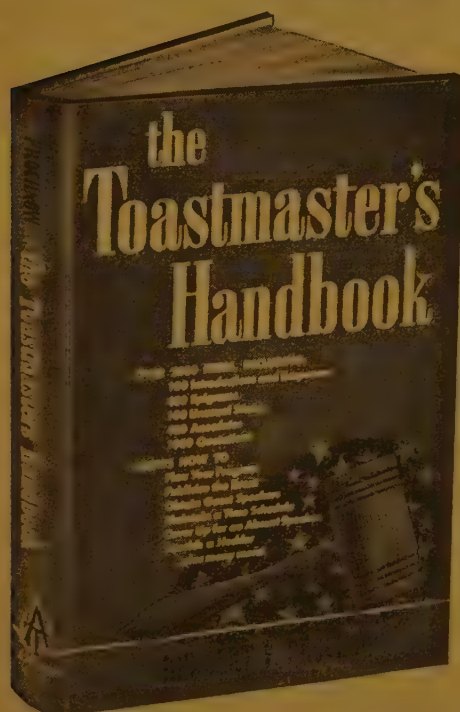
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A WARBLING OF WORDS

by PODALIRIUS

"None of your medical jargon," patients sometimes say haughtily; "just tell me what's wrong."

Yet if I reply: "You've got a pain in your back," or "Medically speaking, I should call that a spot on the face," they are not really satisfied. They much prefer to be told they have lumbago, or a macule. Everybody, including the doctor, likes to give a nice dignified name to a thing: it seems so businesslike.

According to the Oxford English Dictionary, drowsing through the centuries, this contemptuous use of the word "jargon" for "the language of scholars, the terminology of a science or art," is quite recent, only dating from about 1651. Before that jargon meant, for the Old Frenchman, a warbling of twittering of birds, becoming nonsense or gibberish for the Middle Englishman, and a barbarous, rude or debased language, or lingo, for his descendant in 1643. Naturally the 1651 meaning caught on, having been needed for a long time. It is, as Mr. Stephen Potter has taught us, part of Lifemanship to disparage the other fellow's language and customs.

All the same I think we should discriminate about jargon. For instance, it's no good blaming the expert for using the terms of his science or art if there aren't any other words for the things he is talking about.

It must have been much the same at the dawn of language. Some primitive huntsman pointed to the creature he had brought in for the pot, and said to a neighbour: "Bagged a nice horse." "Horse?" said his friend. "Where do you pick up these abominable neologisms? That's 'dinner.'"

I don't see why anyone should quarrel with his doctor for talking about "a compound fracture of the tibia," instead of "a nasty broken leg." The technical way of describing it is much more exact than the ordinary way, and surely you like us to be exact? Think how technically we all talk about the parts and disorders of our cars and our gramophones: surely the organs and ills of the body are entitled to their proper names no less than baffle-boards or gaskets?

No, the doctor I quarrel with is the sort who writes in a style which (since it is ornamented, rambling, and lets in very little light) I call the Scottish Baronial. This kind of thing:

"Consideration having been given to the problematical outcome, and due regard having been paid to the cosmetic result to be achieved, reduction of the lesion was cautiously attempted."

This sort of twittering, nonsense, or gibberish I regard as a barbarous, rude and debased lingo, well worthy of the name of jargon. And it isn't confined to doctors by any means: anyone who takes himself or his subject too solemnly is liable to break into it.

The business world, of course, has a remarkable jargon of its own, in which "day of this month" shrinks to "inst.", and "for" expands to "per pro." But we are all less sensitive to some kinds of business jargon than others. I have yet to find the recipient who cavils at the words (described by some as the most beautiful in the English language): "Enclosed please find cheque." P.

No jargon, no scientific terminology, is required to express the importance of proper nutrition . . . "by far the most important factor in health" (to quote medical authority) . . . nor to enable us to point to the unique value of Bemax (Plain or Chocolate-Flavoured) in helping to ensure this. Many doctors simply say "Begin your breakfast every day with Bemax—as I do; you're bound to benefit."

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could have heard them. Braden chopped off a few of his lines, and nothing can be more exasperating than to catch half a sentence and to know that, somewhere inside the set, large numbers of people—better-informed people—are having a whale of a time. (Braden was mad, but he had gone in again.) Still, this remains—in its production by Pat Dixon—quite the gayest of Variety half-hours. It is full of forms, ideas, apprehensions. It rarely stops to contemplate itself. And a failure is likely to be cancelled by a success in the next minute. If you ask me what the latest instalment was about, I can reply merely that it hovered round manhole covers, swaggered down Tin Pan Alley, and found itself in a chemical laboratory. At the end, Ronald Fletcher, with marked delight, informed us that Braden was no longer appearing at a West End theatre in such-and-such a play—the kind of 'pay-off' line that Braden enjoys.

I have to be ungallant about another half-hour, 'Calling Miss Courtneidge' (Home). This also should have been antic, frolic, fantastic; instead it tottered along after an alarming preliminary flare that promised 'practically everything you'd like to hear from your radio during the next thirty minutes'. 'Practically everything' here meant a little singing: Lizbeth Webb in good voice. It meant a comedian with a trail of disconnected jests ('One of our electricians got a shock from a dynamo; he must be feeling terrible'.—'How do you think Arsenal felt?') It meant the sound of that sensitive actor, James McKechnie, as a 'feed' in an infantile sketch. It meant the arrival of Donald Wolfitt, of all people, in a serio-comic sketch that (no fault of his) touched bottom. And it meant the use of arch linking material in which everyone called Miss Courtneidge 'Cis', and in which she strove to keep the party going like a desperate hostess who gets feverishly brighter and brighter. By all means let us have unexpected visitors to Variety; but when they arrive they should have a better welcome.

Comic artists used to enjoy their innocent fun with pictures of a jungle-bearded man who wore a fur-collared overcoat, and who carried a smoking bomb. (You may, or may not, remember some of the richly subtle captions.) We have, reasonably, got away from that kind of musical-comedy prancing. If, during the first few minutes of 'The Tsaricides' (Home) my thoughts still wandered, I soon recovered to appreciate the gravity and the acute tension of George Wickham's play: the tale of the Nihilist assassination of Alexander II, Tsar of All the Russias. The play triumphed by keeping us in the midst, and in the minds, of the conspirators. We were not taken to the scene of the crime. Events were reported to us: we waited fiercely for news just as they waited on that snowy day in St. Petersburg. Grizelda Hervey, Annabel Maule, and George Hagan impressed me especially in a production (by Val Gielgud) that turned the screw without ceasing.

Calderon's 'Belshazzar's Feast' (Third), that sermon in verse, left the imagination untouched. The click of the rhymes helped, and so did the speaking of such players as Stephen Murray and Pamela Alan; but the language ('beauteous', 'this dread hour', and so on) rarely rose: one waited, hope failing, for an experience that did not begin.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry Into Verse

WE HAD MORE of Dante last week, not only another instalment of Binyon's translation of the *Inferno*, but also a selection of shorter poems including several from the *Vita Nuova* in English translations by Rossetti and Iain

Fletcher, each followed by the original Italian. It is possible, indeed likely, that readers of this page have heard more than enough of my views about verse translations of poetry and, in deference to their feelings, I would have passed this programme by, lending it only an unofficial ear, if Robert Graves had not discussed 'A Poet and His Public' on the following evening and brought a whole hiveful of reinforcements to the bees in my beehive. In this admirable talk he put us, his public, very properly in our place in a back seat, with a kindness made the more palatable by a dash of angostura.

The poet's public, he explained, is a by-product, a lucky accident. He writes a poem not to benefit them but because an emotional problem forces him to do so and he obeys the impulse with a single-minded devotion which ignores any external demands. In the light of what Mr. Graves said, all of which seems to me incontrovertibly true, the hope of reproducing a poem in another language appears doomed to failure. Why? In the first place because the translator is not driven by an inner compulsion but is consciously struggling with an intractable task. However far he may succeed in identifying himself with the original poem, rhyme, rhythm and sound are not, as they are for the poet, forces contributing to his self-expression, but so many distracting problems claiming his attention. Not only that: a poem is untranslatable because its full meaning is conditioned by its rhythm, sound, and form. The form—sonnet form, for instance—can sometimes be adopted by the translator, but only at the expense of rhythm and meaning; and sound and rhythm must change, obviously, with the change of language. Rossetti, an Italian and a poet in both languages, should, if anyone, have been able to turn the poems in the *Vita Nuova* into English poetry, yet one has only to read one or two of his attempts to see to what shifts and evasions he is reduced in trying to knock the thing into shape. The result is unmistakably synthetic: too much brainwork and too little heat have gone to its making to fuse it into poetry.

And so I cannot see what function verse translations are supposed to perform in readings of foreign poetry. For listeners who can follow the original, the translation is unnecessary, while for those who can't, a literal prose version will give a clearer notion of the theme, for all the good it may do them. But why bother with the poetry of a language you don't understand? Or, still better, why not learn the language?

'The Harding Interviews', a title not, I suspect, chosen by Gilbert Harding himself, struck me, when I came upon it in *Radio Times*, as somewhat grandiloquent, recalling as it did 'The Reith Lectures', 'The Paston Letters', 'The Greville Memoirs', and so on. But I have always enjoyed listening to Mr. Harding. He has a natural warmth and buoyancy and a welcome lack of broadcasting mannerisms, to say nothing of other good qualities, and I switched him on with little or no misgiving, although, as I know from long and painful experience, the radio interview can be a very dreadful thing and is seldom completely successful. Mr. Harding's task was the more difficult in that for his first two interviews there were persons of whom the general public know little or nothing, which made it necessary for him to slip across information about them to his listeners while conversing with his personages. Of his first—W. A. Bustamante, Chief Minister of Jamaica—I knew something; of his second—Dr. Robert Hutchins, a distinguished American—nothing. Mr. Bustamante does not expand in the presence of the microphone and Mr. Harding was put on his mettle to keep things going. It was much to his credit that he did so, that there was never one of those deadly slumps which strike terror to the heart of the sympathetic listener. With

Dr. Hutchins things went differently. At the word 'Go', he and Mr. Harding launched into a free and highly interesting conversation about English and American universities, football and other sport in both countries, and the prospects of commercial television over here.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Cordon Bleu

DURING THE PAST FORTNIGHT M. Jean Martinon has conducted the B.B.C. Orchestra in half a dozen different programmes (one of them occurring between the writing of this article and its publication). He has ranged wide from German classics to Russian and Spanish ballet, but the core of his programmes has naturally been the music of France. In particular, he has given us performances of a number of works by Roussel, his own master and a composer with whom we have not previously had such an opportunity of coming to grips.

Roussel's First Symphony, 'Le Poème de la Forêt', composed fifty years ago, was an apt choice for the opening of the series. For this work 'places' the composer. It belongs to the species of landscape symphonies, of which Vincent d'Indy and Debussy were the other chief exponents, and Roussel appears as the composer whose music represents the confluence of the two main streams of late nineteenth-century French music—that of the Schola Cantorum where Roussel was trained and that of Debussy's 'impressionism'. Already in the 'Poème' the Franckish mannerisms have been laid aside and the colourful sensibility of impressionist orchestration has been acquired. There is not much warmth in this music and the Second Symphony, beautiful as it sounds, seems to lack the support which the programme, vague though it is, gives to the First. Roussel needed, like Debussy, the stimulus of pictorial or literary ideas. His music has a wonderful radiance, but as someone has said—possibly Mr. Cooper in his introductory talk on the composer some weeks ago—it is the light of a wintry sun.

In the presentation of these works, and of Debussy's 'Nocturnes' (whose moonlight and torches outshone Roussel's pale sun), M. Martinon proved himself to be a conductor of exceptional ability. He conjured from the orchestra the most ravishing sounds, exquisitely graded and nuanced, and yet always precise and clear. In Beethoven's Fourth Symphony he showed himself a master of the classical style. But Brahms defeated him, as he has defeated so many French conductors. He applied to the 'Haydn Variations' little rushes and gushes of tone which suit the style of Debussy or Ravel, but make Brahms look ridiculous. Franck's Symphonic Variations, on the other hand, were given a masterly performance, to which the pianist, Cyril Preedy, contributed his full share. And Schumann's Violoncello Concerto was presented in the best possible light with the help of Piatigorsky's noble tone and supple phrasing.

Of the two Symphonies heard for the first time last week, Prokofiev's Seventh need not detain us for longer than it takes to express regret that he should have been able to subdue his nimble sense of fun to the extent of producing so dull and banal a monument to the since discredited theories of Zhdanov. Karl Amadeus Hartmann's Sixth Symphony, relayed from Paris in a concert of contemporary music conducted by Manuel Rosenthal, is, on the other hand, something of a phenomenon—an indication that there is a composer of the new generation in Germany who has been able to assume the abandoned mantle of German romanticism and wear it, dusty and torn though it be, with something like an air and a sense of style.

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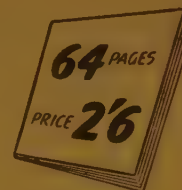
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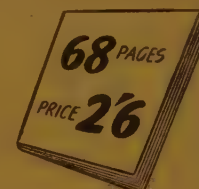
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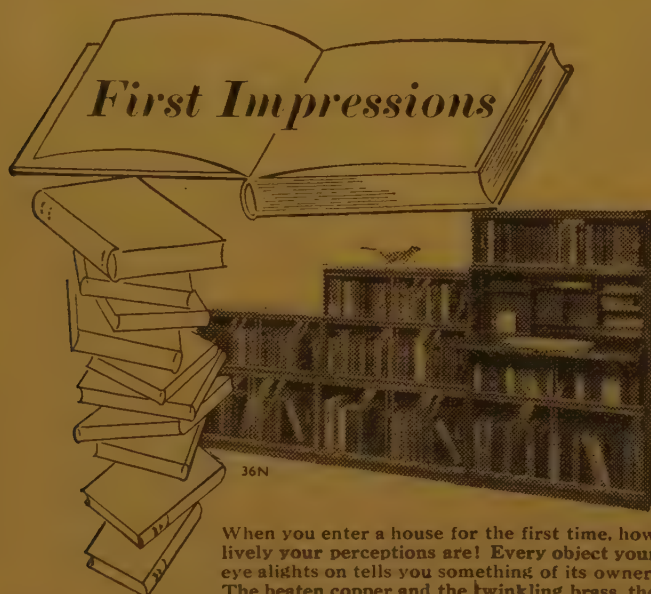
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Hartmann is obviously a live personality, and no mere orphan of the storm, like his fellow Bavarian, whose 'Catulli Carmina' will have been heard (in the bowdlerised form considered suitable for polite, post-Nazi ears) on Tuesday. For Orff managed to combine in this work the maximum of indecency with the minimum of musical content. Hartmann has, perhaps, been influenced by Orff's primitive drummings, but, as the score (published in miniature, but easily legible, form by Messrs. Schott) shows, Hartmann is not

given to simple reiterations of monotonous little phrases. His first movement is a consistent organic growth of considerable stature and thematic interest, while the second is a polyphonic structure ingeniously combining the principles of fugue and variation, the fugue-theme having a falling seventh as a useful feature for recognition. Of the two other novelties in this programme Hanns Jelinek's setting of Goethe's 'Prometheus' seems to me unlikely to take its place beside Schubert's

and Wolf's, while Halffter's Violin Concerto appeared to combine conventional concerto form with occasional obeisances to 'modern' harmony.

Also heard: Bloch's 'Sacred Service', a fine religious work capably performed (though the sopranos were sometimes shaky) by the City of Birmingham Choir and Orchestra under David Willcocks, and Rossini's 'Il Turco in Italia', which proved a real *trouvaille*.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The String Quartets of Max Reger

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

The first of a series of five broadcasts of Reger's quartets will be heard at 9.55 p.m. on Wednesday, November 3 (Third)

A PART from the range of Reger's ideas (and an essentially different side of his character is shown with each different type of music he undertook), tonality is, perhaps more than with any other composer since Schubert, his most powerful means of expression. It would not be true to say that Reger was preoccupied with tonality, any more than a man in good health is preoccupied with the way he breathes, but it has exactly the same vital importance in the life of his music. He has a habit, and it is one of the prime sources of his power, of establishing a key by exploring it from unusual angles rather than by an immediate sounding of its tonic and dominant, as is the usual classical practice. In other words, his key-centres are often first established as something felt rather than heard.

It was Schubert who provided the seed for this treatment of tonality, in the huge opening paragraph of the second group in the finale of that miracle of tonality, the D minor Quartet. Here is a paragraph, fully in F major, whose only chord of F, except the final one, is so contrived as to be unrecognisable; it is foreign to itself. Throughout the whole passage, however, the identity of the tonic is perfectly plain to the ear. Nothing like this, in tonal suggestion, had happened in music before, nor did Schubert expand it, in concrete statements, afterwards; but from it sprang, consciously or unconsciously, the whole system of Reger's most personal musical speech.

The five published string quartets show Reger's mature ways of thought at their most powerful and arresting. The two of Op. 54, in G minor and A major, were written in 1900-1, when he had long thrown off his initial Brahmsian influence, was well launched on his own individual path, and had a creditable record of piano, organ, chamber and vocal music behind him. The G minor is serious and impassioned, even the apparently light-hearted fugal finale not completely dissipating the thoughtful cast of the work. This movement, in spite of its almost continuous fugal texture, approaches near to a sonata movement in shape and significance and very nearly succeeds in combining the two styles. (The only completely successful sonata movement I know which is expressed entirely as a continuous fugue, is, oddly enough, by Dussek.) A second subject in calm minims, only seven bars long, which appears several times, assumes great weight and pull against the almost incessant quavers.

The first movement, magnificent as it is as a conception, is spoiled by the only textural defect to be found in these quartets. The four instruments are kept continuously employed and the sound does become something of a strain on one's ears. Reger never repeated this error but he obviously found it impossible to rewrite the

movement. There follows a 2/4 scherzo, of typical Regerian whimsical and Humpty-Dumptyish harmonic design, which contrasts beautifully with the deeply felt *Largo mesto*. Reger's slow movements are among the few since Beethoven that are really slow and really do move.

The A major is a comedy, and the writing a model of how to let fresh air blow through this most exacting of mediums. Neither work presents any real problem and, fine as they both are, they are but a prelude to three great works that followed at intervals.

The D minor Quartet, Op. 74, composed in 1904, has become notorious for its difficulty; it is, however, a difficulty of performance, not of listening. In it we meet with the soaring themes and large paragraphs characteristic of middle-period Reger. It sweeps quickly from an initial *fortissimo* to *piano* and *pianissimo*, an indication of the dynamic range maintained throughout the first movement. The most prominent theme is the huge unison opening with its dip through a minor ninth and its chromatic twisting round B and C. The second subject, with its droning accompaniment, is little more than a momentary resting point. The movement as a whole is concerned with controlling the passionate forces released at the outset.

Again we have a 2/4 scherzo, in an oblique C major, darkened by the tonic Neapolitan-sixth opening and the consequences that follow. A short *Adagio* trio is weighty by its complete change of texture, being largely a first-violin recitative with interjectory accompaniment. The *Andante* is one of Reger's largest sets of melodic variations, with the small-size beat, a quaver, and the ensuing increasing decoration making the pages look very black, thus giving rise to the optical illusion that his writing is thick and heavy. It contains some of his most ethereal writing, as well as a reminiscence of the droning accompaniment to the second subject of the first movement. There are eleven variations. A large and rapid sonata movement completes the design in a language of harmonic quirks which have passed into current speech. The return presents the opening rhythm in notes twice as long, only to slide back to the original rhythm a semitone too low.

In 1909 was written the E flat Quartet, Op. 109, a perfect work. Nothing is wasted, every note tells. The initial theme has a calmness which contains all the passion that follows, and in its ensuing treatment searches the quiet places of the heart. Here Reger does begin with a direct assertion of E flat but his first six bars bring chords of D flat and what looks like the dominant seventh of F major; the sequel, one of his typical passing-phrases, proves them both to be, in Reger's language and to our ears, natural parts of E flat. One cannot listen to

Reger for long without finding the significance of classical tonal fundamentals realised afresh and expanded mightily.

The lovely main second theme introduces a modality, arising naturally from this style, which can express great unrest merely by quiet contradictory common chords. The reaction is a rapid 6/8 scherzo, one of the new types of utterance Reger brought to music. 'Ghostly' is a word often used to describe this kind of music, but its inadequacy here is patent; there is no word for it. It is fleeting yet ever present and seems to employ the extremes of volume simultaneously. It is a complete sonata movement, the development beginning by inverting the large opening statement. A long-drawn, chromatically descending, muted viola solo moves one like a palpitating heart made visible as well as audible. The whole disturbs one's complacency.

The *Larghetto* is, in my opinion, the greatest slow movement for this medium since those of Beethoven's Op. 135 and Schubert's D minor and G major quartets. Its main theme is completely in A flat to one's ears, although it begins on the subdominant; its only two tonic chords are unrecognisable and it comes to rest on a perfectly recognisable dominant. It is a rondo with one episode; the transition material is drawn from the first movement, and the main theme of the episode is the modal main second theme from the same movement. Such thematic connections between movements are rare with Reger. The crown is the final statement of the rondo theme, starting for the only time on the tonic, with a proportionate and unforeseeable expansion of beauty and significance.

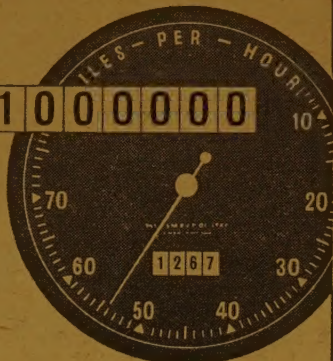
For his finale Reger writes one of his greatest double fugues. A long winding subject, quiet and staccato, which has an unconscious echo in the fugue subject from the finale of Walton's Symphony, builds a complete fugue; a beautiful *Adagio* theme develops on a smaller scale, and the two combine in one of the most richly sonorous climaxes in all chamber music.

The fifth and last of these quartets, in F sharp minor, Op. 121, was written in 1911. Its chief quality is a serenity which is intensified in such works as the last Violin Sonata, Op. 139, and the Clarinet Quintet, Reger's last major composition. It is a serenity not beautiful in its weariness and willingness to be done with life, as is that of Brahms' last works, but forward-looking and intent on new worlds, like that of late Beethoven.

The last three quartets, with the Clarinet Quintet, form the crown of one of the major and most extensive contributions to chamber music. As Dr. Scholes has written of Reger, 'his traffic with his fellows was honest, his dealings with his art sincere'. What more can one say of any man?



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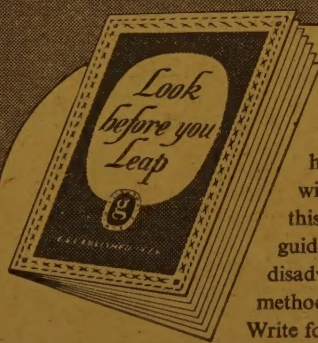
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For the Housewife

Choosing and Cooking Pork

By ANN HARDY

FROM November to March pork is considered to be at its best. As in the case of mutton, a joint should be chosen from a small animal. There will be so much more flesh in proportion to bone and fat that it will be much more profitable for you.

Regarding pork, I should like to emphasise the point that it should be moderately fat—for very lean pork is of poor flavour and very fat pork is most wasteful. Pigs are killed when they are the right weight and this varies in different parts of the country. The average age is four to five months. Older pigs are usually used in manufacturing pork products.

In choosing your joint, one important thing to examine is the rind. It should be thin, soft, and elastic. A very thick skin is a sure sign of age and it will inevitably be tough. The fat of pork should be white and the lean should be a delicate pink, and close-grained and fine in texture. The meat should be free from any discoloration or those glandular nodules that you sometimes see in the fat of beef. Discoloration shows the presence of parasites. One most important thing about pork is that it must be eaten fresh. It should not be hung for any length of time. It can be eaten all the year round, but it has the tendency to become tainted more quickly than other meat and, of course, hot weather always helps this. It is most inadvisable to eat pork if tainted even in the slightest degree. It is a nutritious meat but it is difficult to digest, and so is unsuitable for invalids and not very good for children.

In young pork almost any joint can be roasted. The most economical for roasting is the leg. Off the leg, too, comes the fillet, a much more practical joint for the average family; the leg

is really a joint for a very large family. I think the most succulent roast is the loin, off which you get your delicious loin chops, and, off the loin end of the leg, your chump chops. A rival to the loin for flavour is the spare rib. It is bony but is a most delicious roast and the most tender of all. But it is usually obtainable only off a bacon pig, so is not often procurable in towns.

The leg can be boiled, but it is usually salted for this. By the way, salting is not very good for old pork, as salting tends to harden meat. Most of the cheaper joints of pork are good salted and boiled. The belly part is an example, but it is rather fat. However, if it is nicely salted it is tasty eaten cold. Another cheaper joint is the hand which, when it includes the shank, is called the spring and hand. This is particularly good salted and boiled, and with the shank removed can be stuffed and roasted. It is leaner than the belly part. The crop, or collar, with the blade bone removed, is another good joint for stuffing and roasting.

Pig's head can be stuffed and roasted. It is cheap and nourishing, but is at its best boiled and made into brawn. Home-made brawn is so good and so much less costly to make than to buy ready cooked. Pig's trotters make a tasty, cheap dish. They need long, slow cooking, but after stewing they can be served with parsley sauce or a *sauce piquante*, or the meat can be taken off the bone, coated with egg and bread-crumbs, and fried. Pig's fry consists of heart, liver, and kidneys which, sliced and fried, make a very savoury dish.

There is a fair amount of frozen pork on the market from time to time; it is usually about 2d. a pound cheaper. New Zealand pork is very

good quality; Argentine is rather fat. Do not forget to bring frozen pork into the warmth of the kitchen for an hour or so before cooking.

There are many other delicious and familiar products of pork, such as sausages, pork pies, and savoury ducks. Home-made pork pies, and savoury ducks, or faggots—according to which part of the country you live in—are so easily made and so delicious that it is well worth the effort to try your hand at them.

One last reminder: it is inadvisable to eat under-cooked pork, so be sure to allow for your roast a full twenty-five minutes to the pound and twenty-five minutes over.

—Woman's Hour

Notes on Contributors

- YASUSHI NISHIWAKI (page 700): Professor of Biophysics in the School of Medicine, Osaka City University
- ROBERT GRAVES (page 711): poet and novelist; author of *Collected Poems*; *Poems and Satires*; *I, Claudius*; *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* (with Joshua Podro); etc.
- MICHAEL ROBBINS (page 713): Secretary, London Transport Executive; author of *Middlesex* (New Survey of England series) and *The Isle of Wight Railways*
- HESKETH PEARSON (page 715): author of *The Life of Oscar Wilde*; *The Last Actor-Managers*; etc.; was on the stage from 1911-1931 when he appeared in the productions of H. Granville-Barker, Dennis Eadie and others
- RONALD HINGLEY (page 717): Lecturer in Russian, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London University

Crossword No. 1,278.

28 ac.

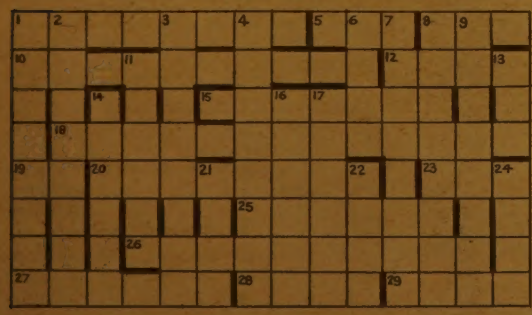
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1ac. is the name of a place in Europe. The following are words in the language spoken there which have a connection with it:

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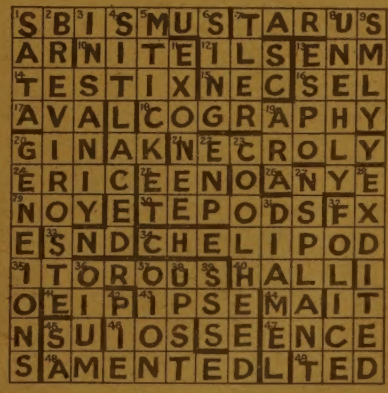
- 5B. Raise aloft (3).
- 8B. Antiquity (3).
- 10. Dorsal phalangeal protection (10).
- 12. Limestone formation (4).
- 15. Roll of twisted tobacco (7).
- 20. Shaped like a leather bottle (8).
- 23B. A quantity of work (3).
- 25. Pancake (6).
- 26. Mode of settling an estate (10).
- 27. Squirrel monkey (6).
- 29B. Clear (4).

DOWN

- 1. Anatomically bringing to (8).
- 3. Synthetic rubber (8).
- 6U. Reason (4).
- 7U. Shakespearean money (8).
- 8. Steady in application (8).
- 9. Afflict (8).
- 17U. Flowers of a small inflorescence (6).

- 21U. Case (4).
- 22. Kind of actor (4).
- 24U. Hub (4).

Solution of No. 1,276



NOTES

Across: 1. Strabismus (Beachcomber's character); 30. Tetrapods ('The Sorcerer', Gilbert and Sullivan).

Down: 20. Generations ('Ode to a Nightingale', Keats); 32. Portalice ('The Yeoman of the Guard', Gilbert and Sullivan).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: E. G. Broadbent (Greasby); 2nd prize: H. D. Wakely (Tunbridge Wells); 3rd prize: S. E. Woods (Surbiton)

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Status and Salary: The appointment carries with it the status of a Lecturer in the University; the salary scale is £A1000—60—1360.

Superannuation: On F.S.S.U. basis.

Applications: Applications must include particulars of age, marital status, nationality, academic and professional record, teaching experience (if any), war service (if any), and present position; copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health. They should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned not later than **NOVEMBER 30, 1954.**

Further information about the post or about the University will be supplied on request to

A. W. Bampton,
Registrar,
University of Adelaide,
Adelaide, South Australia.

Lindt

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